

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Martian Mopheads  
go on the rampage in  
**DUDE RANCH ROUNDUP!**



Hanna-Barbera  
THE FLINTSTONES

# DUDE RANCH ROUNDUP

**F**RED AND WILMA  
HAVE TAKEN PEBBLES  
AND BAMM-BAMM  
ALONG FOR A  
VACATION AT THE  
HORNTOAD DUDE  
RANCH...

HAVE FUN  
IN THAT COZY  
KIDDIE-CORRAL,  
KIDS!

WE'LL BE BACK  
AFTER WE HAVE  
A NICE LITTLE  
HORRUS-SAURUS  
RIDE  
GIDDUP!

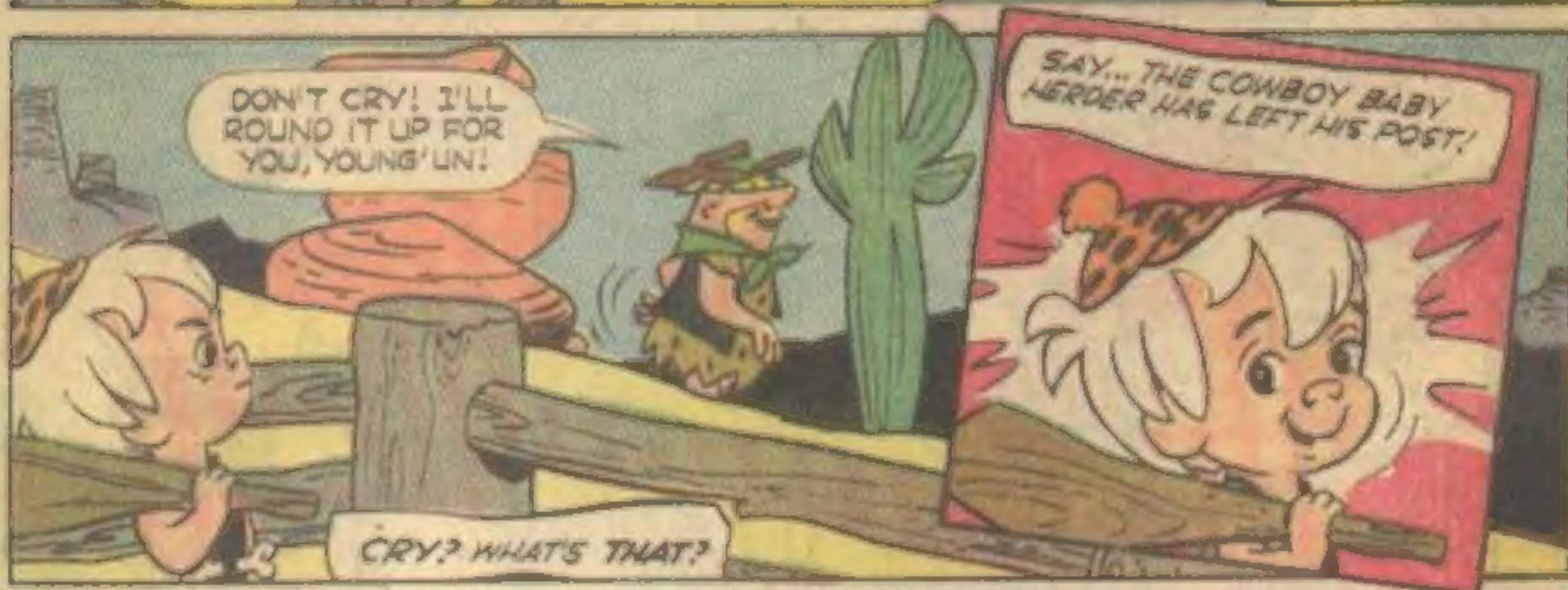


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THEN OFF HE GOES  
INTO THE MILD BLUE  
BEYONDER...

BAMM-  
BAMM!



MEANWHILE,  
BACK AT THE  
RANCH...

FRED, THERE'S A  
JEEP COMING!

OH  
BOY...



H-HALP! MARTIANS HAVE  
LANDED THEIR ROCKET SHIPS  
OVER THERE!



SCREEE!



RELAX, SIR... WE'RE FROM THE  
NEIGHBORING ROCKET TESTING  
GROUNDS! IT'S JUST ONE OF  
OUR ROCKETS THAT WENT  
ASTRAY OVER THIS WAY!



B-BUT MARTIANS  
ARE HERE!

WHAT'LL  
WE DO?

PUT ON  
ANOTHER  
DEMONSTRATION!



FWEET!

SEE, FELLAS... SEE...  
THERE'S ONE OF  
THEM NOW!

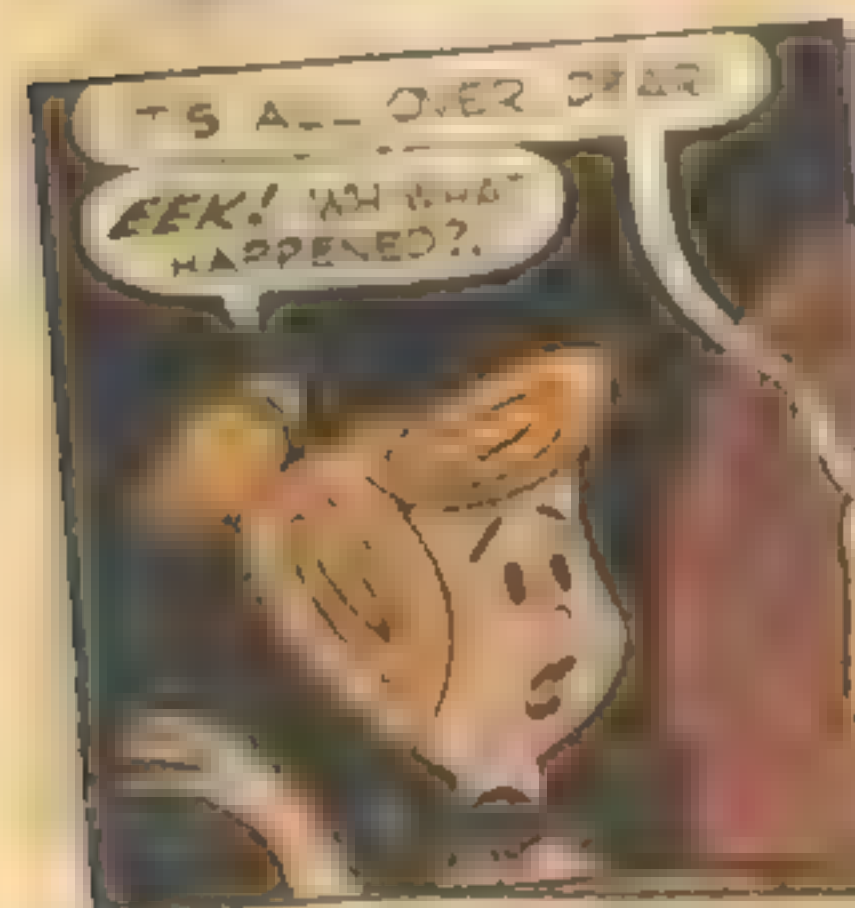
ER... IT  
IS AN ODD-  
LOOKING  
THING!

BUT SO ARE SOME  
EARTHLINGS I KNOW!  
HEH-HEH!

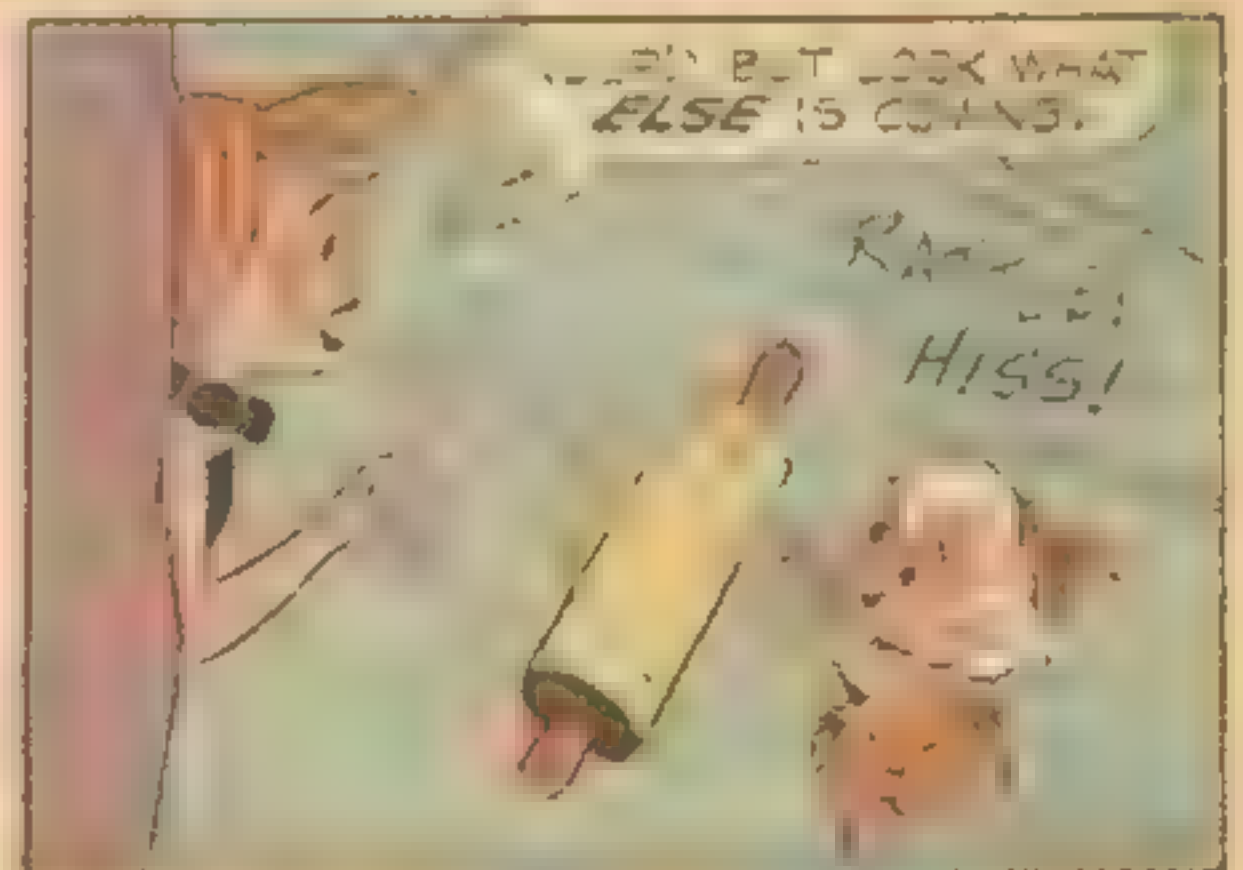
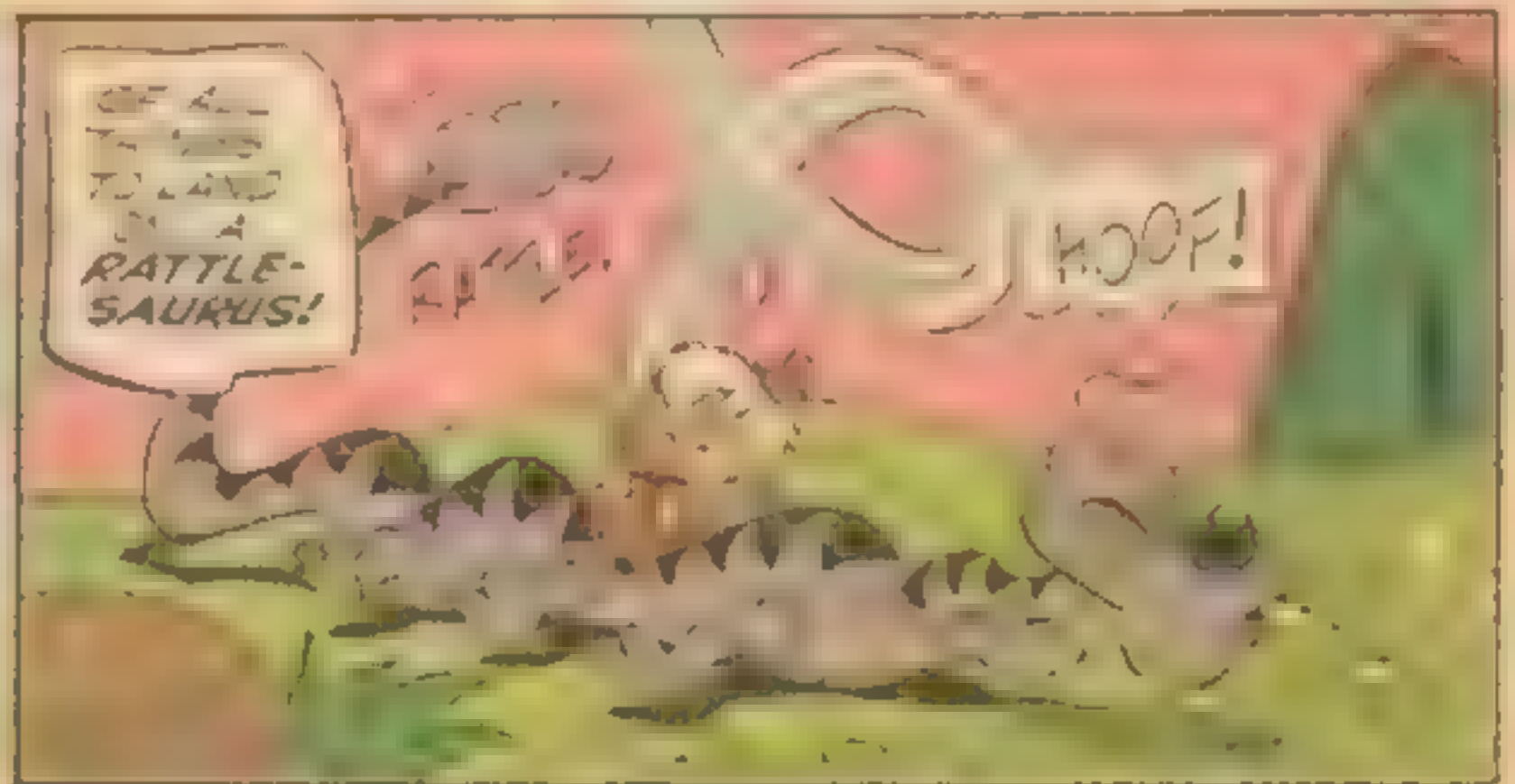








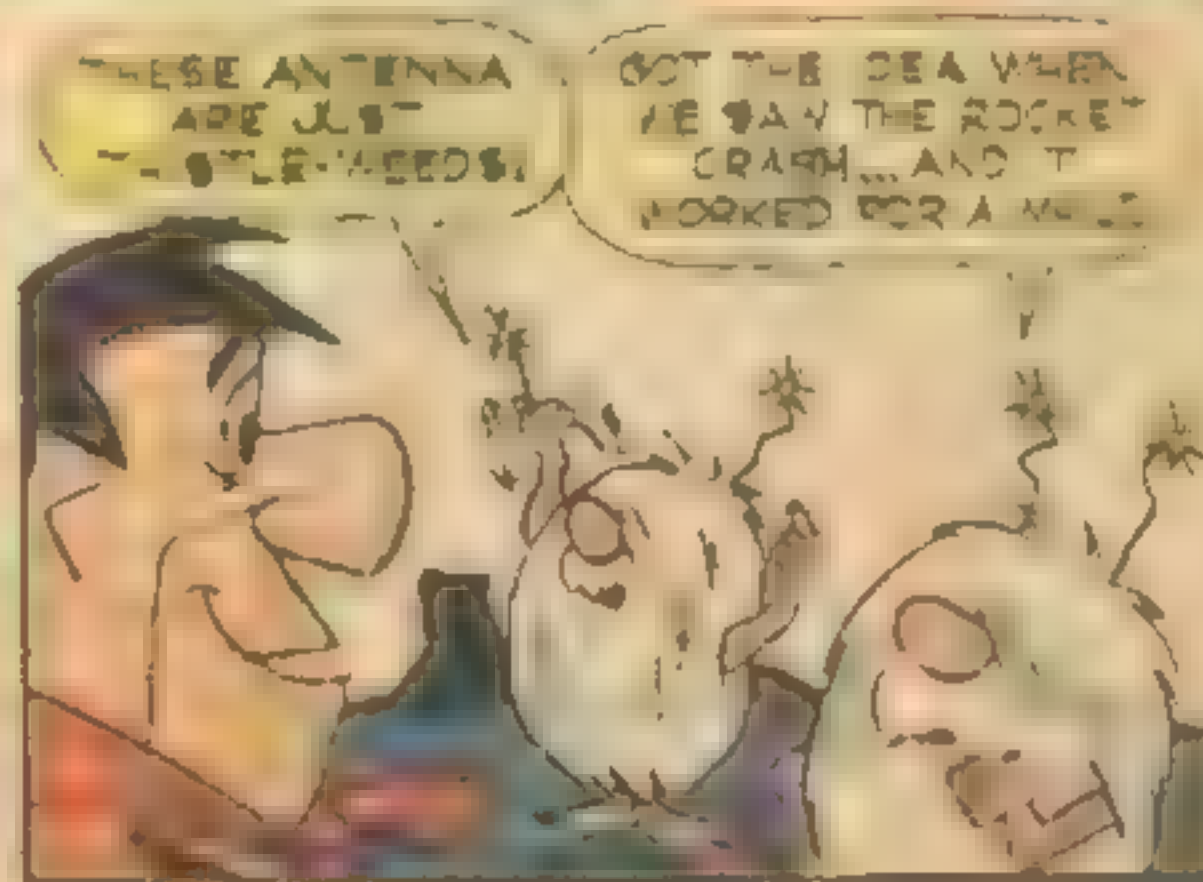
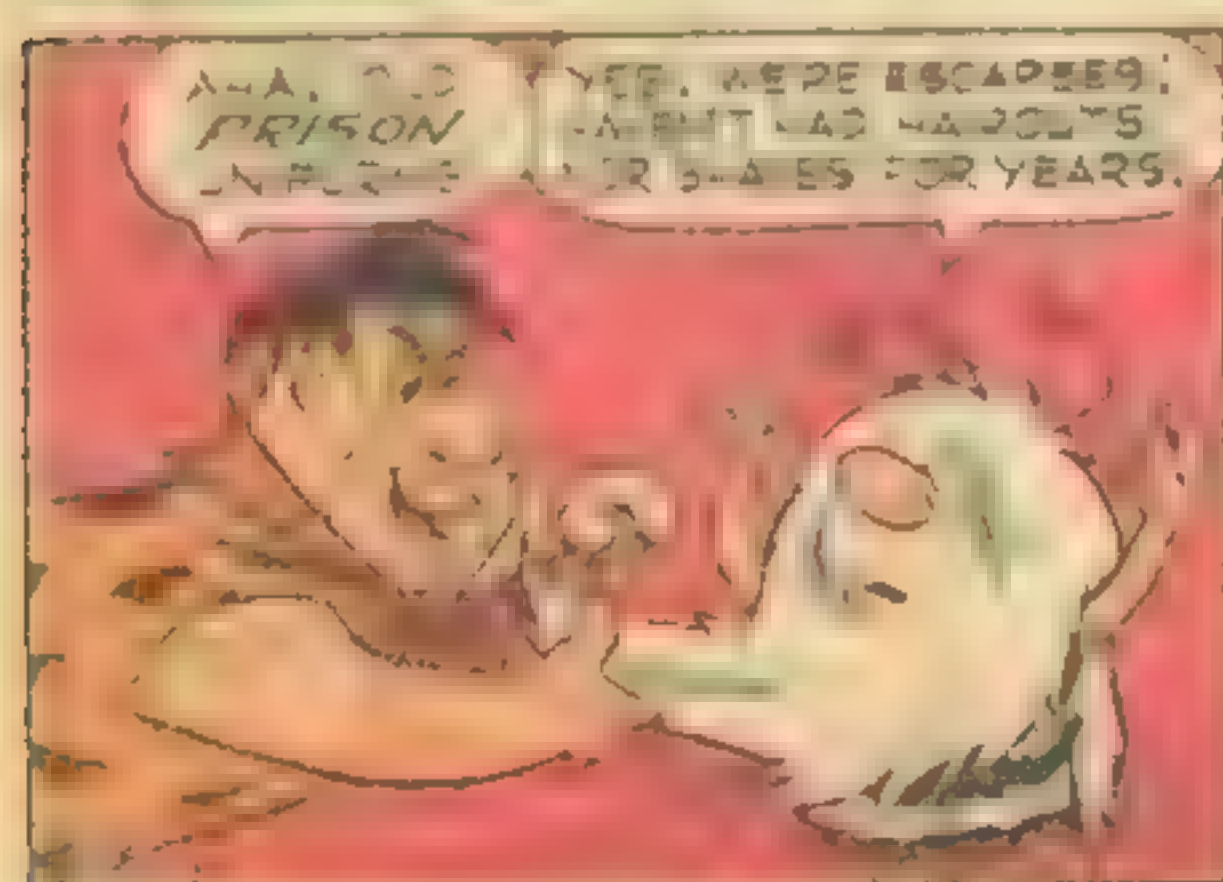
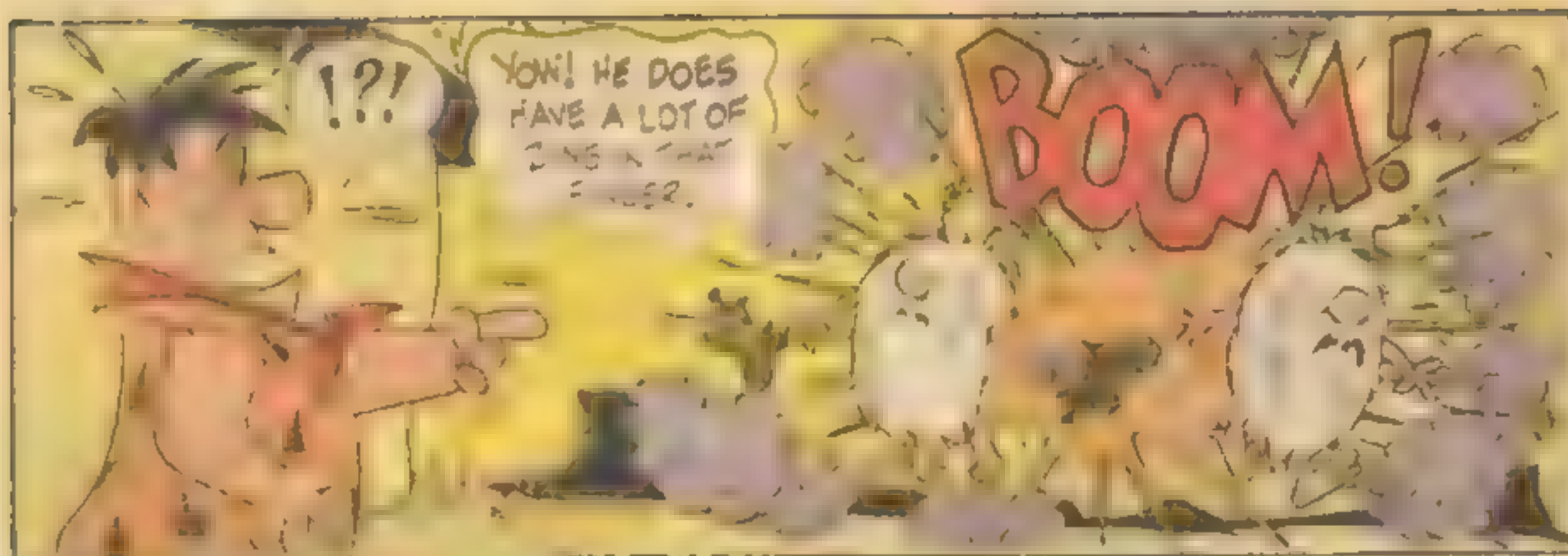




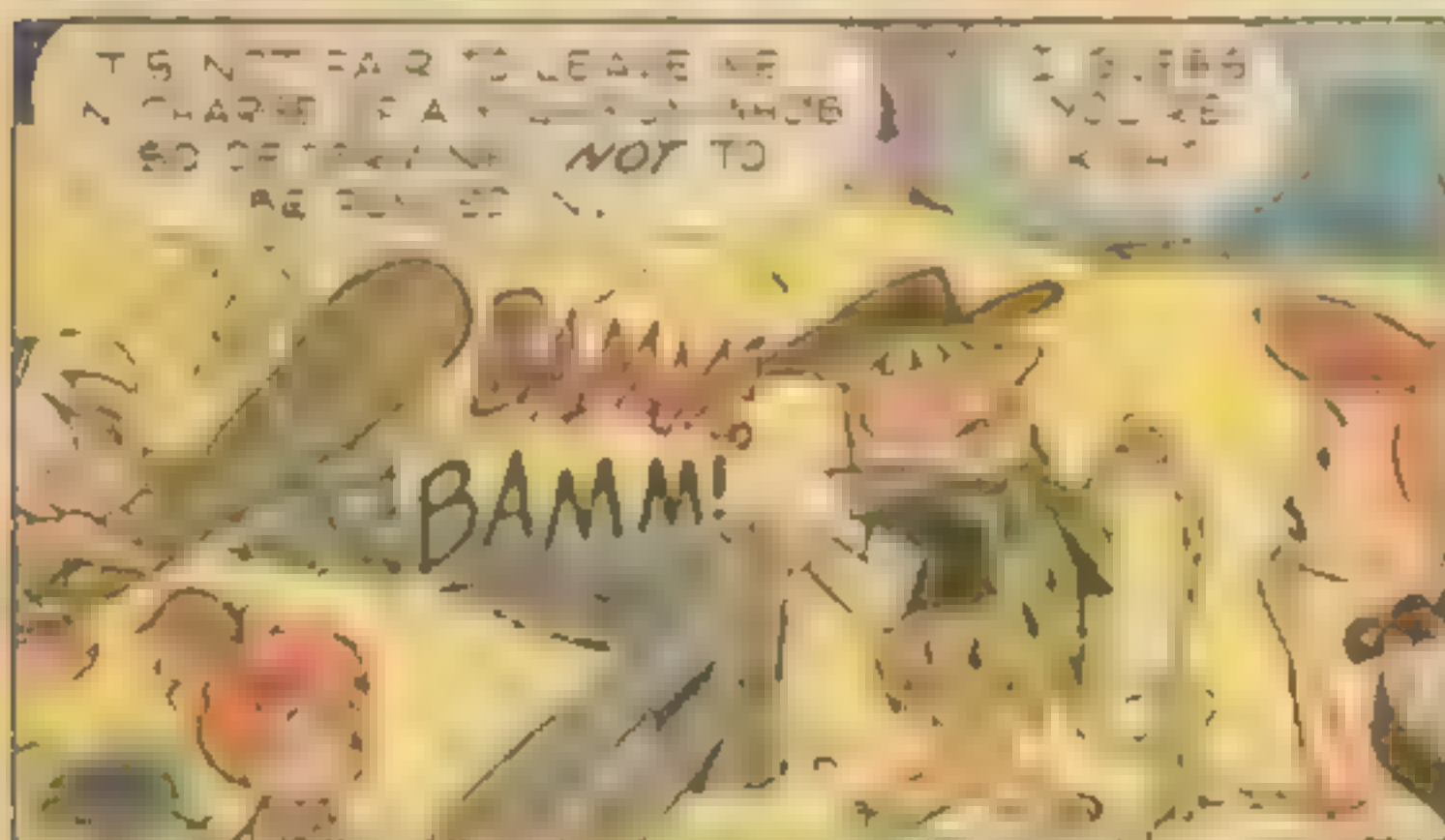
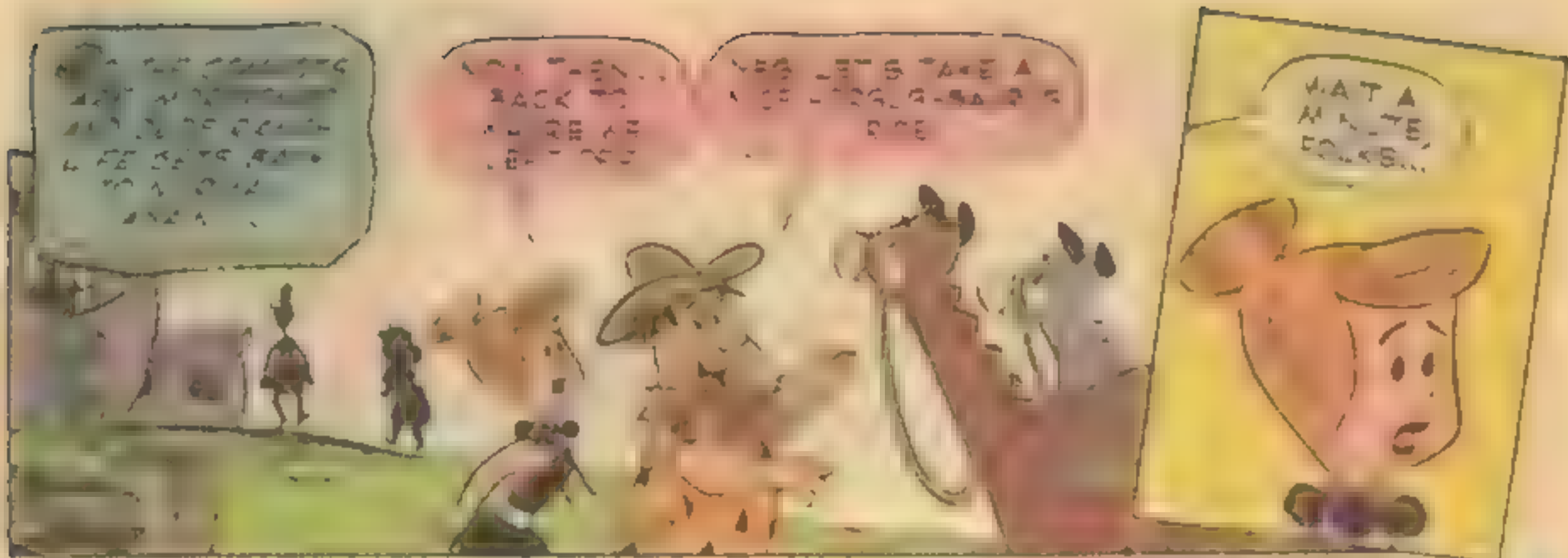














## SMART-GUY SLEUTH



A group of the neighborhood children were in Perry Gunnite's office, listening to him explain modern crime detecting.

"The day of the tough-guy detective is over!" said Perry. "A modern-type private eye, like me, relies on his brains instead of his brawn! It's the day of the scientific sleuth who uses his head!"

Perry was very anxious to impress his little admirers as to how smart he really was. And, too, he wanted to counteract the image of TV detectives who solved more cases with fists than by using their heads.

"Let me give you an example," continued Perry. "I was on a case recently where . . ."

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Perry Gunnite, private brain — I mean — eye, speaking!" he said. "What? When? Who? Yessir! Be right over!"

Hanging up the telephone, he said to his little guests, "Here's a chance to prove my point. A valuable gem has been stolen from the museum, and I'm going to solve the case by brains alone . . . by using my head."

"Then why are you carrying a gun and the brass knuckles?" asked one small boy.

Perry stopped, then grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, er, uh, I was just going to throw 'em away!" he said hurriedly, as he dumped the weapons in a wastebasket.

At the museum, the director told Perry he believed the thief was still in the building, because as soon as the theft was discovered, all exits were locked, and all the visitors were searched as they left.

"We want as little fuss as possible in finding the thief," the director directed.

"Never fear, 'sirl!" assured Perry. "I'll solve the case by brains alone!"

He then began searching the museum for possible places where the thief could hide. He opened every case in the Mummy Room, examined each suit of armor in the Armor Wing, and looked under every bed and in every trunk in the Antique Exhibit, but he found no trace of the thief.

He kept on looking. Night came, and he had not found a clue that counted. He was walking around the corridors, wondering what to do next, when a voice called out "Look out, mister! That floor's slippery!"

It was one of the janitors who was busy mopping the floors, but his warning came too late. Perry's feet started skidding wildly on the soapy surface, and the more he tried to regain his footing, the faster he slid — right into the room where the huge dinosaur skeletons were on exhibit!

His feet suddenly went out from under him, and he slipped across the floor, crashing headfirst into one of the huge skeletons.

With a loud crash, the dinosaur skeleton fell into a mountainous pile of bones. As Perry groped his way out of the mess, he heard groans coming from the huge skull.

"Oh my goodness!" he gasped. "This thing is still alive!"

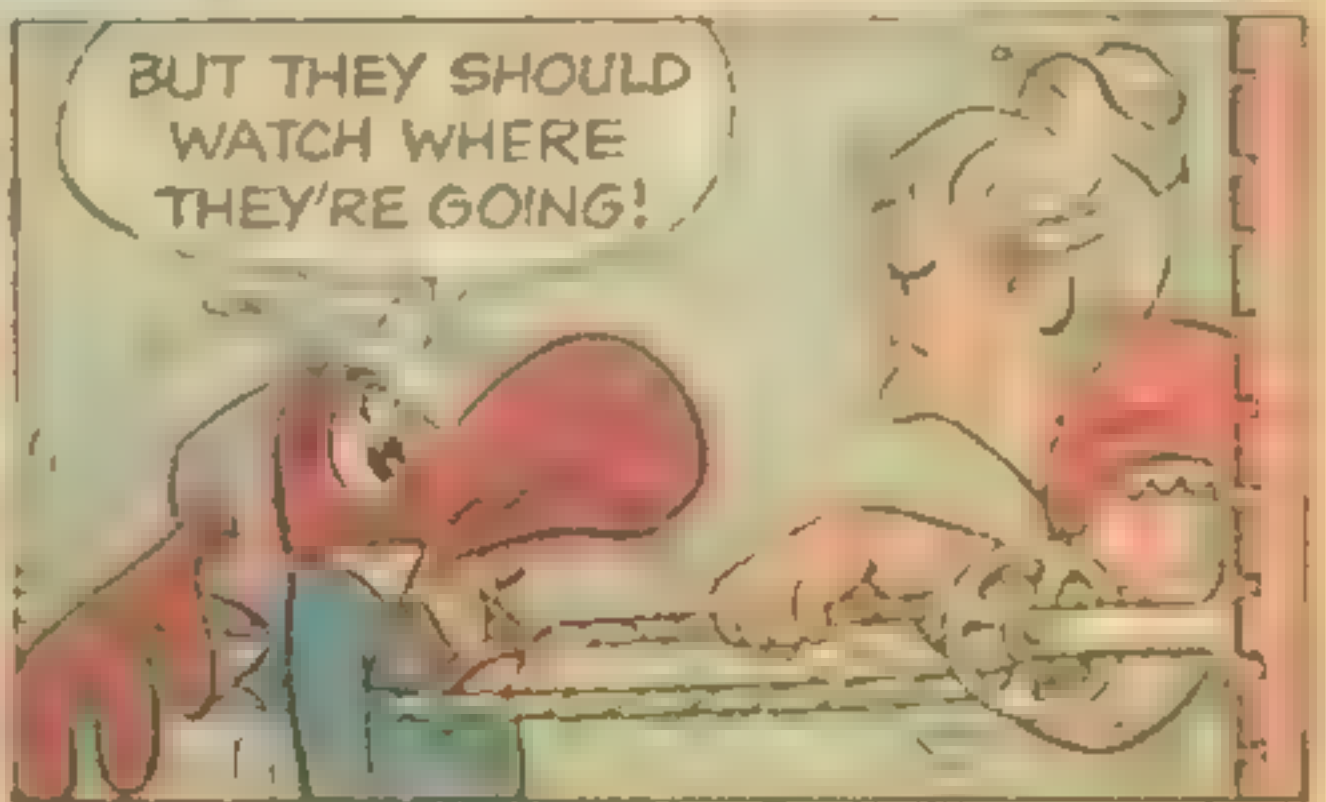
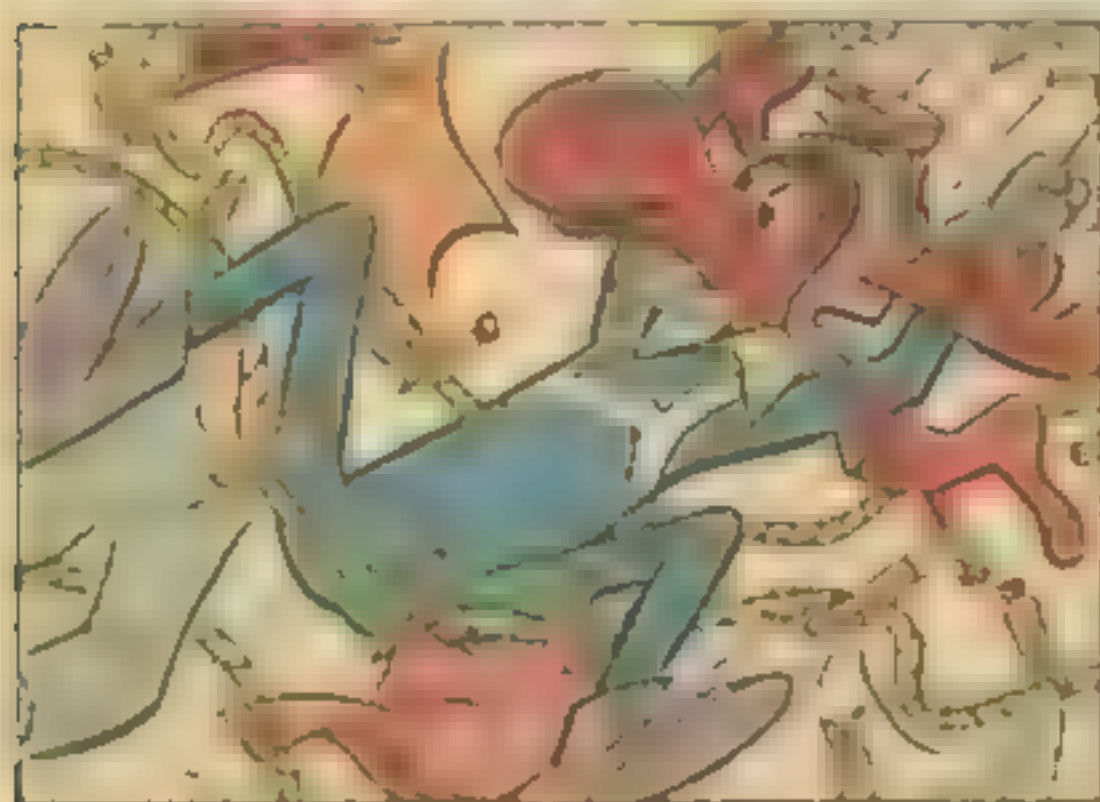
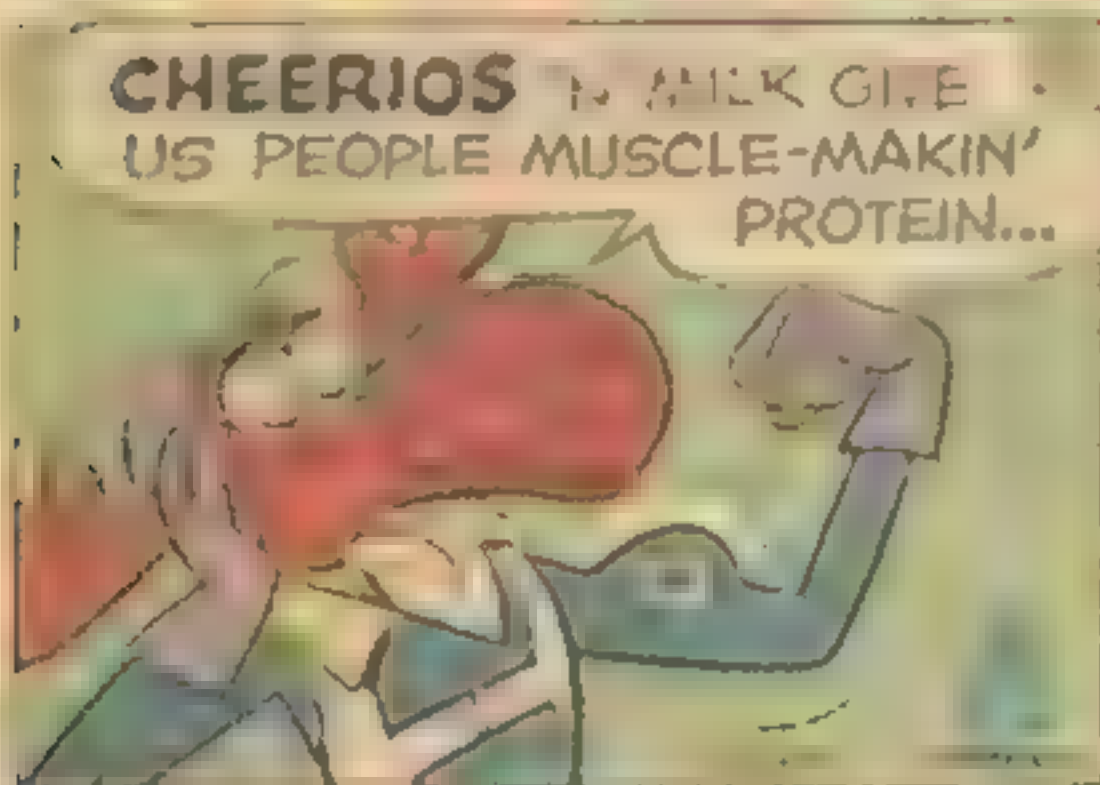
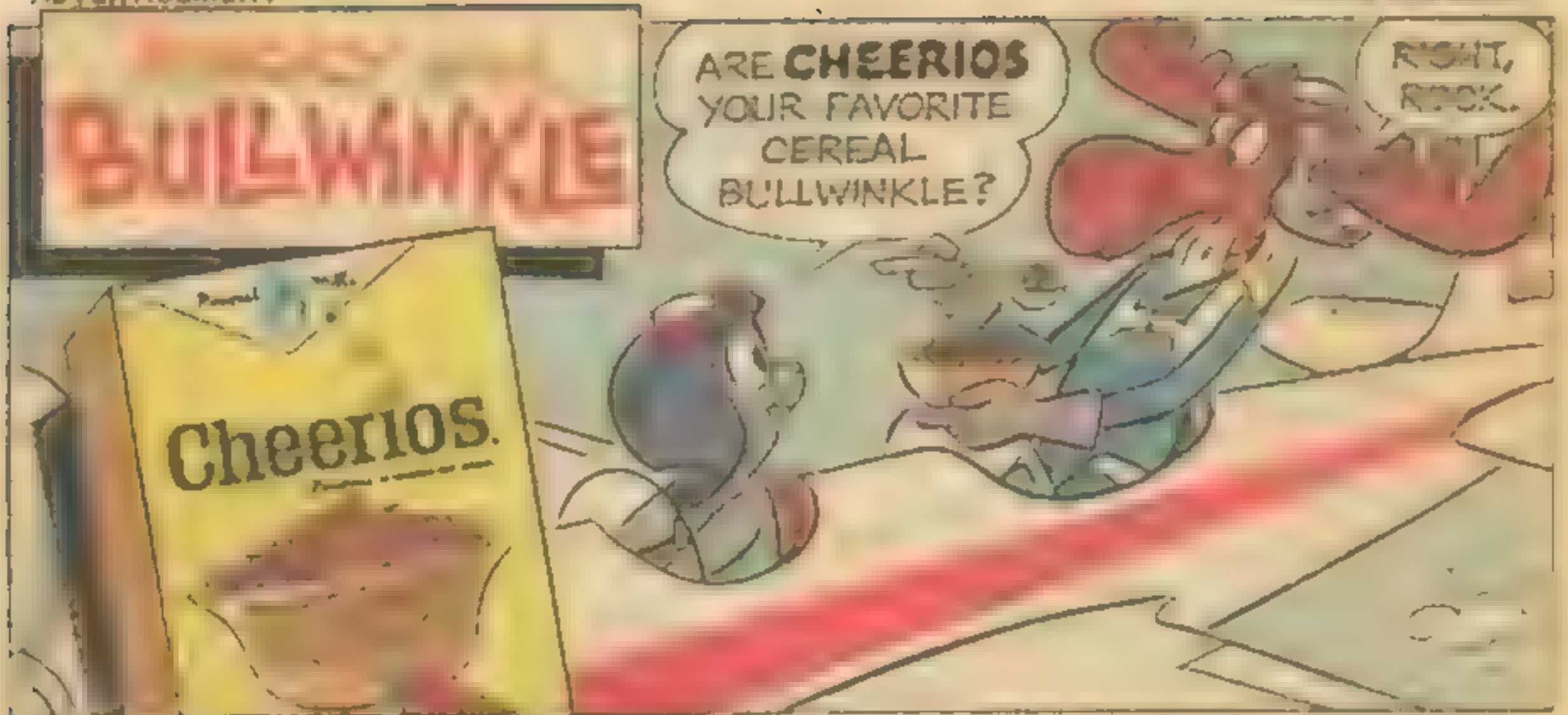
As he stared, a man crawled groggily from inside the skull. Perry then realized he'd found the thief's hiding place . . . and the thief, too.

The next day, at his office, Perry's eager audience of young admirers demanded to hear all about the case.

"Gee, you solved it with no gun or any thing!" said a little girl. "I'll bet you really had to use your head, Mr Gunnite!"

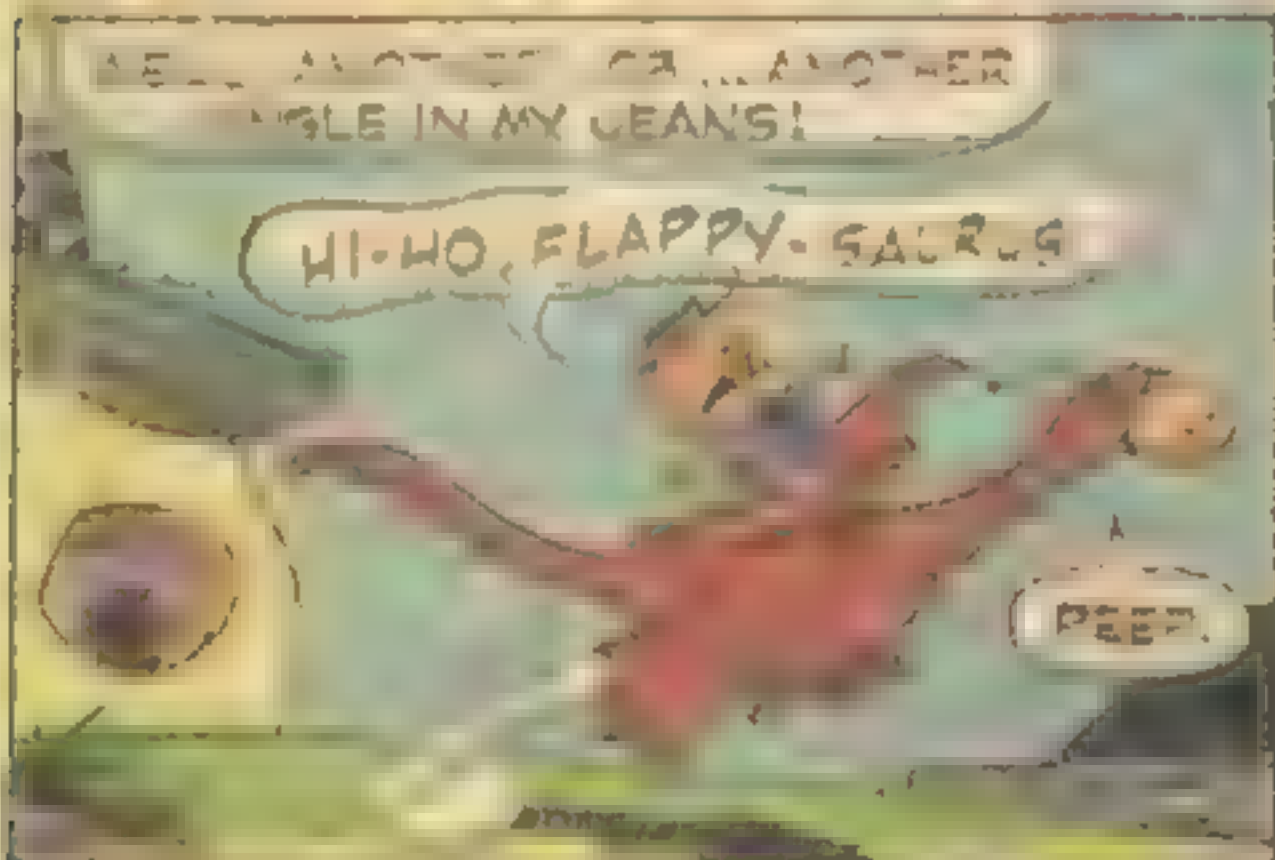
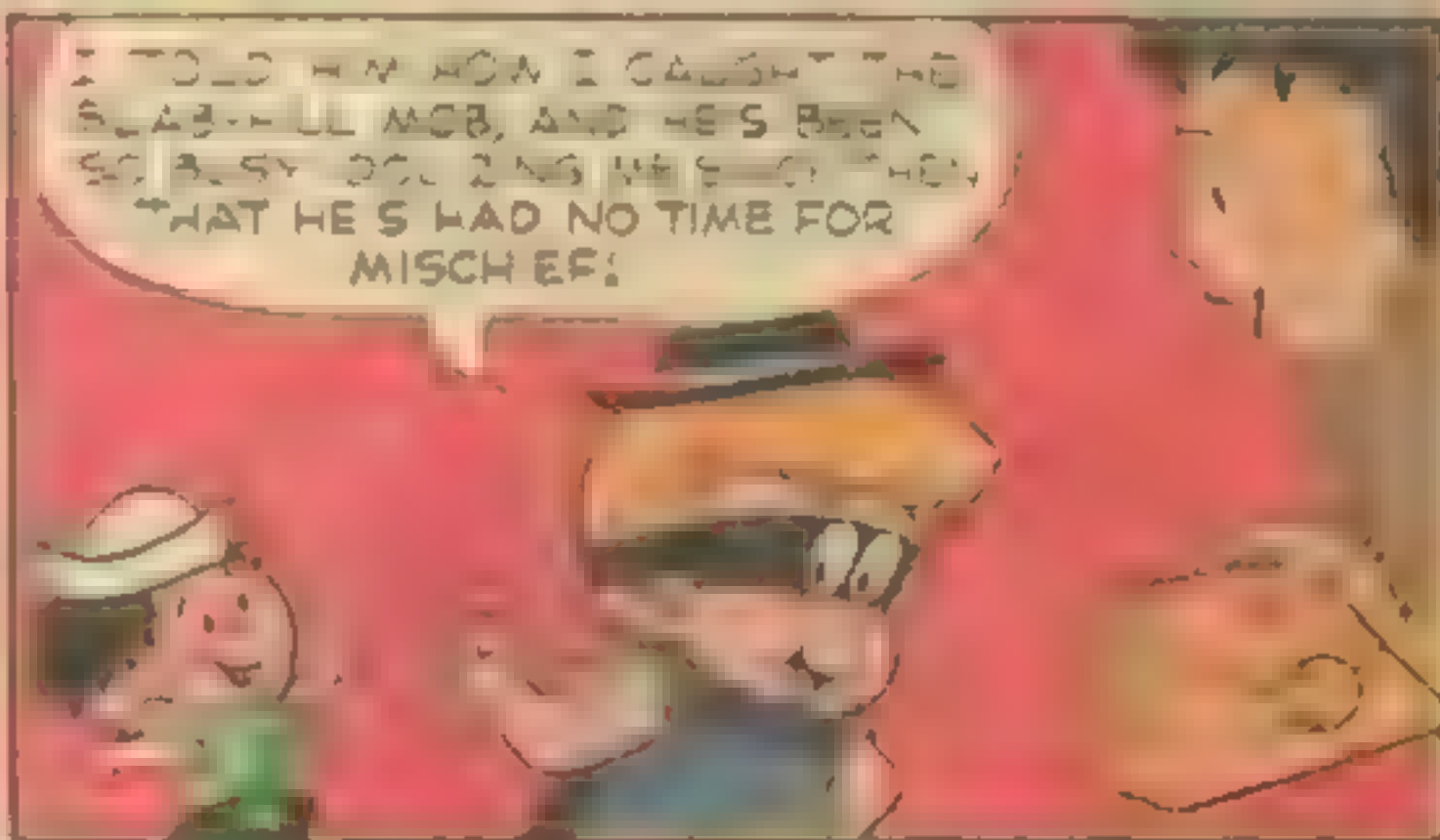
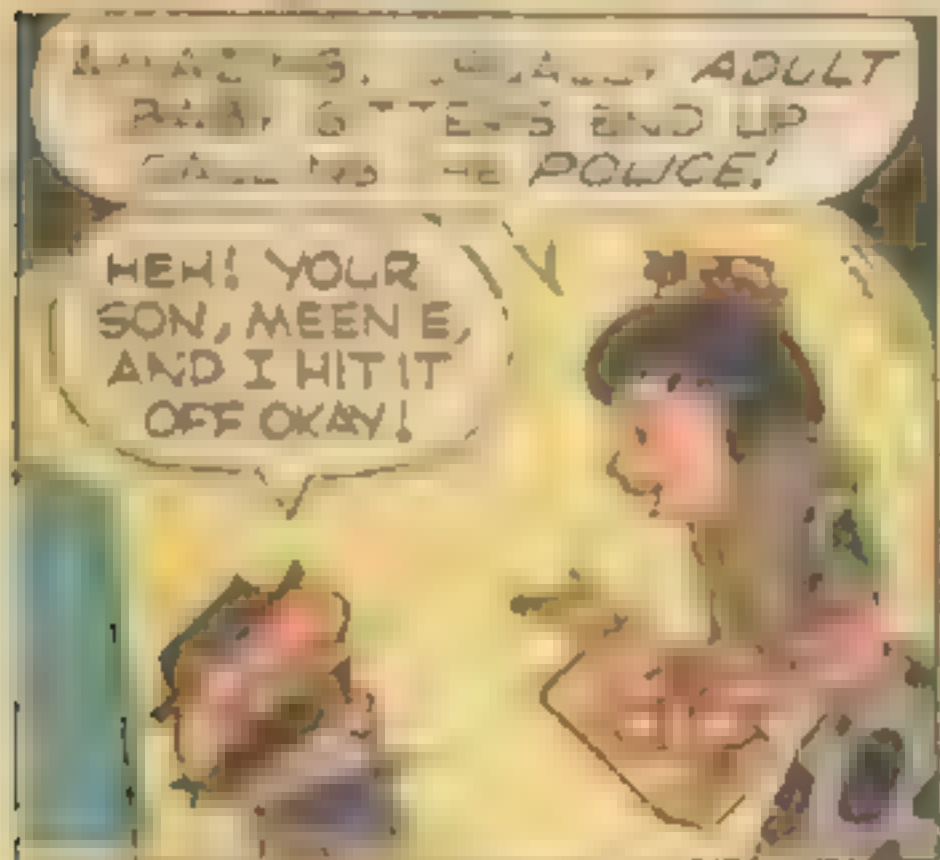
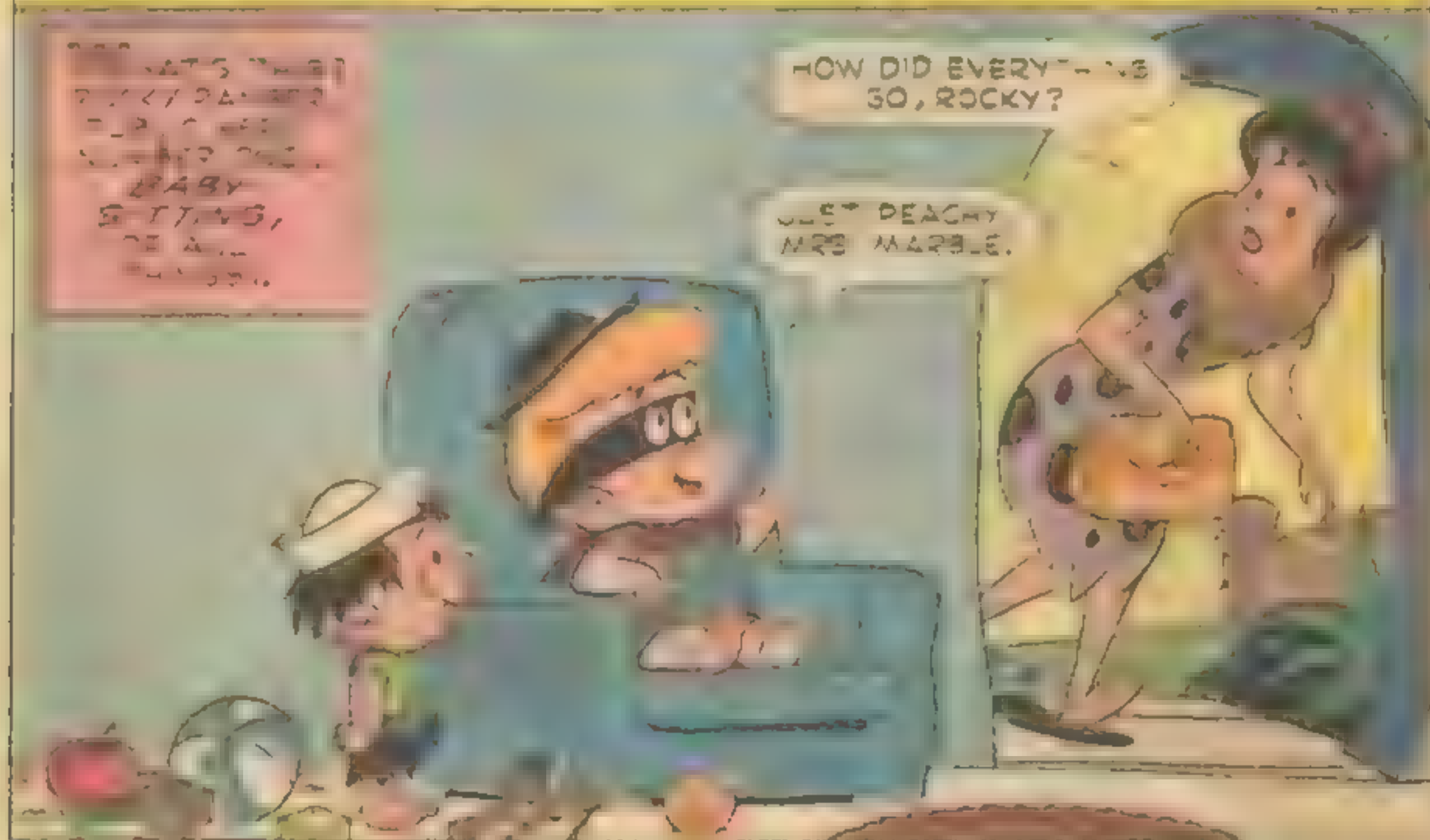
"I sure did," said Perry, rubbing the spot where he had collided with the bones!



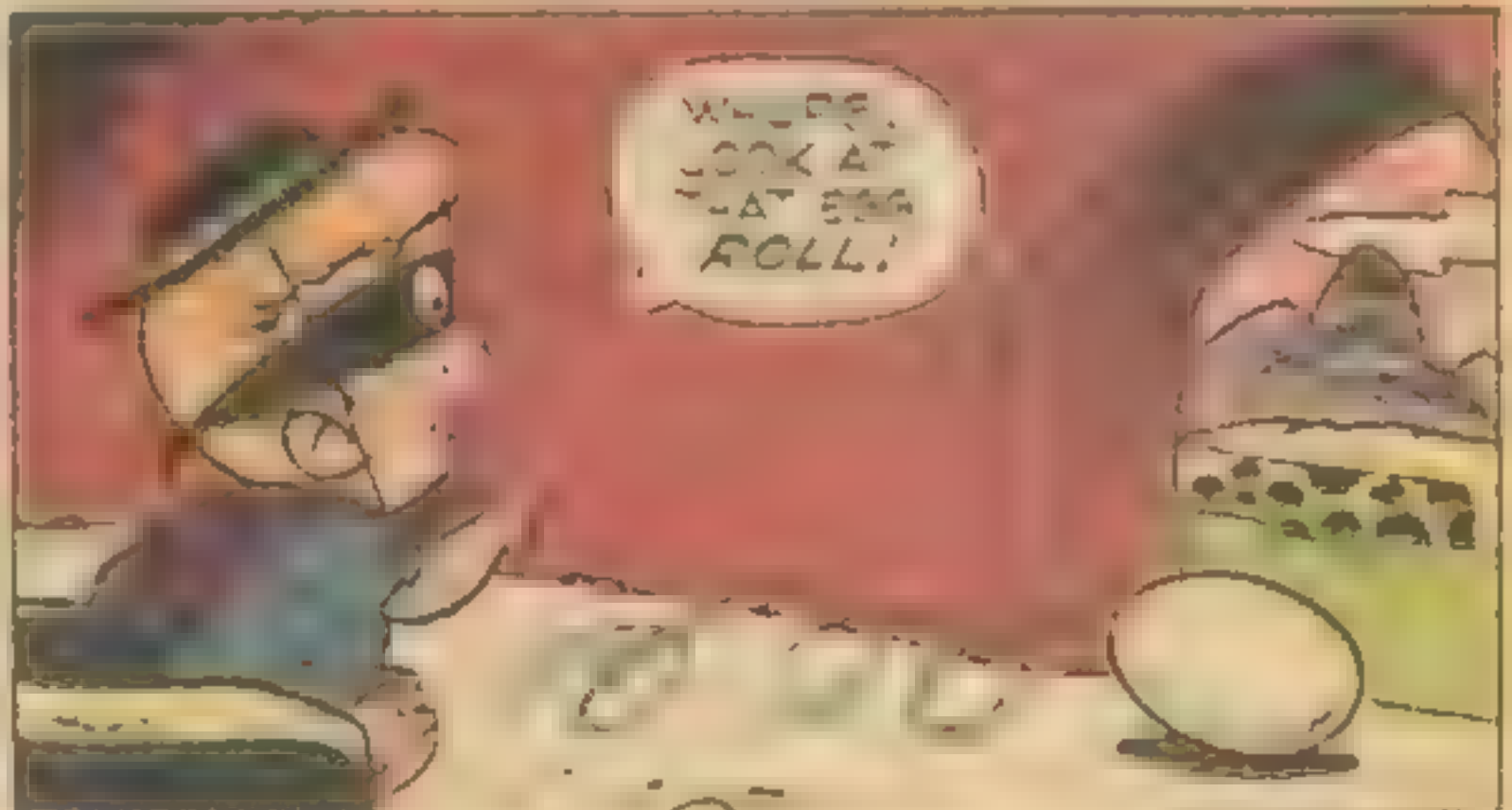
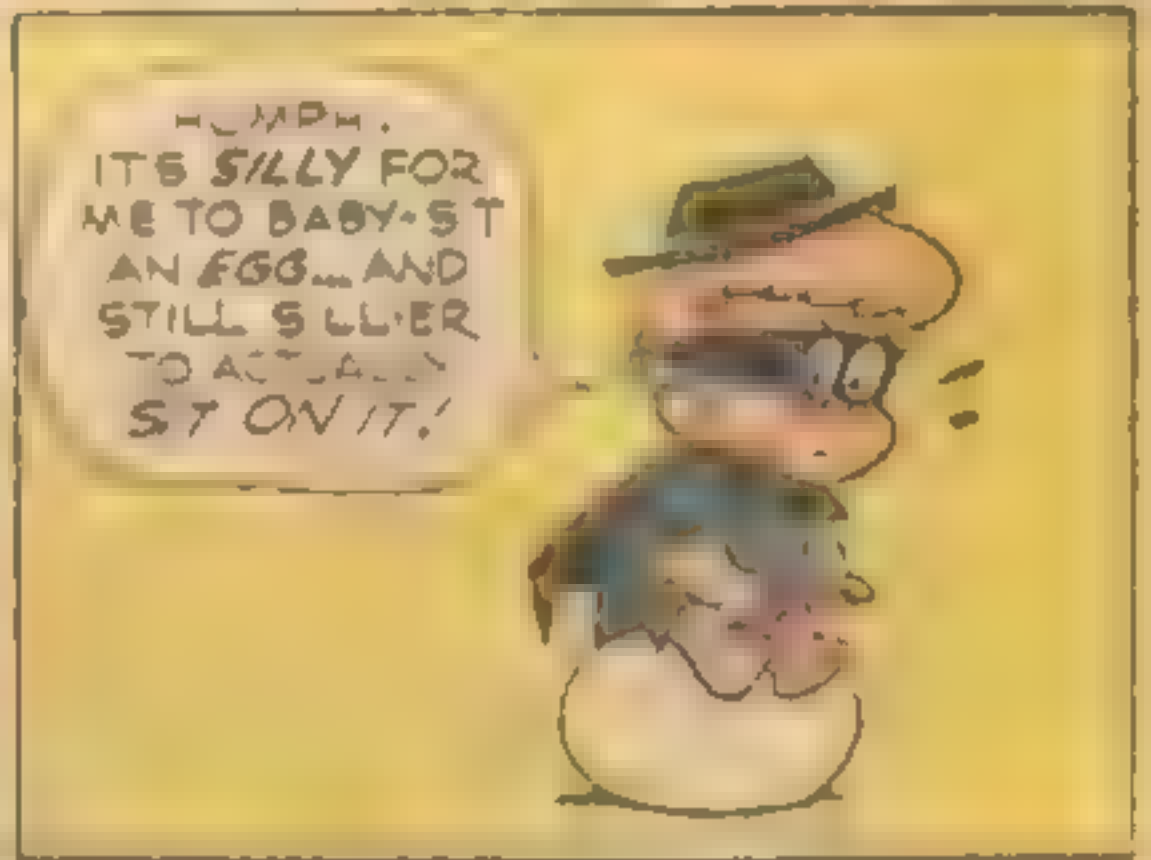
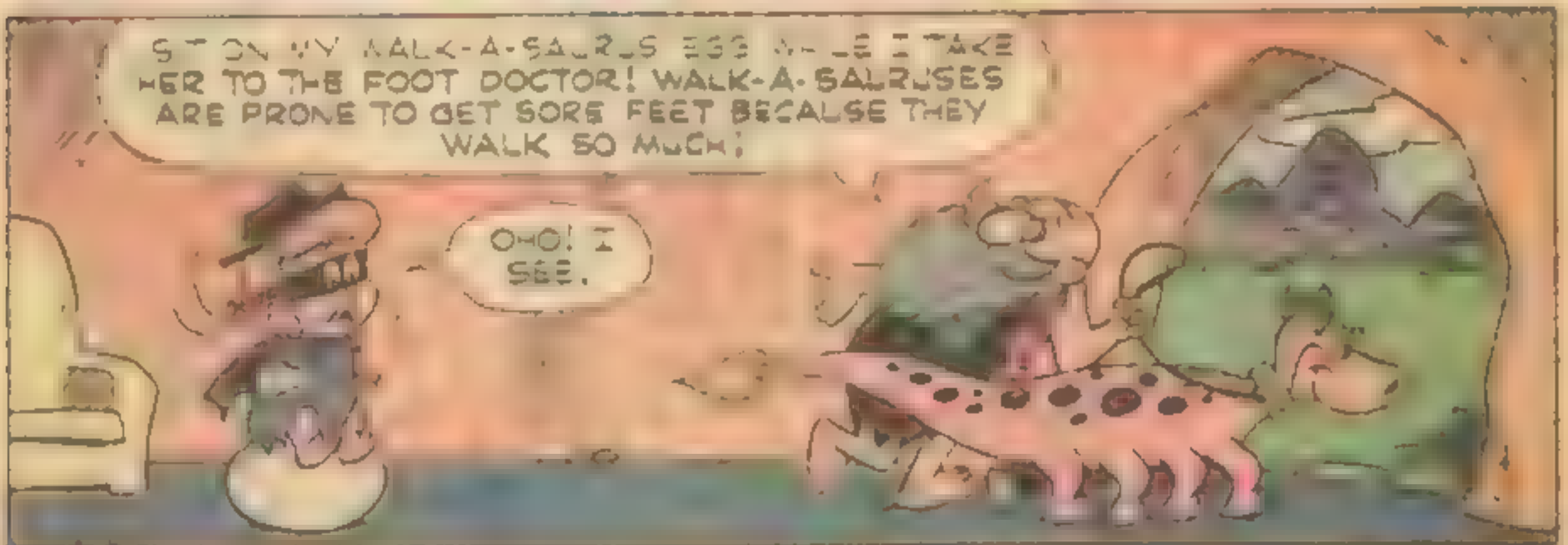
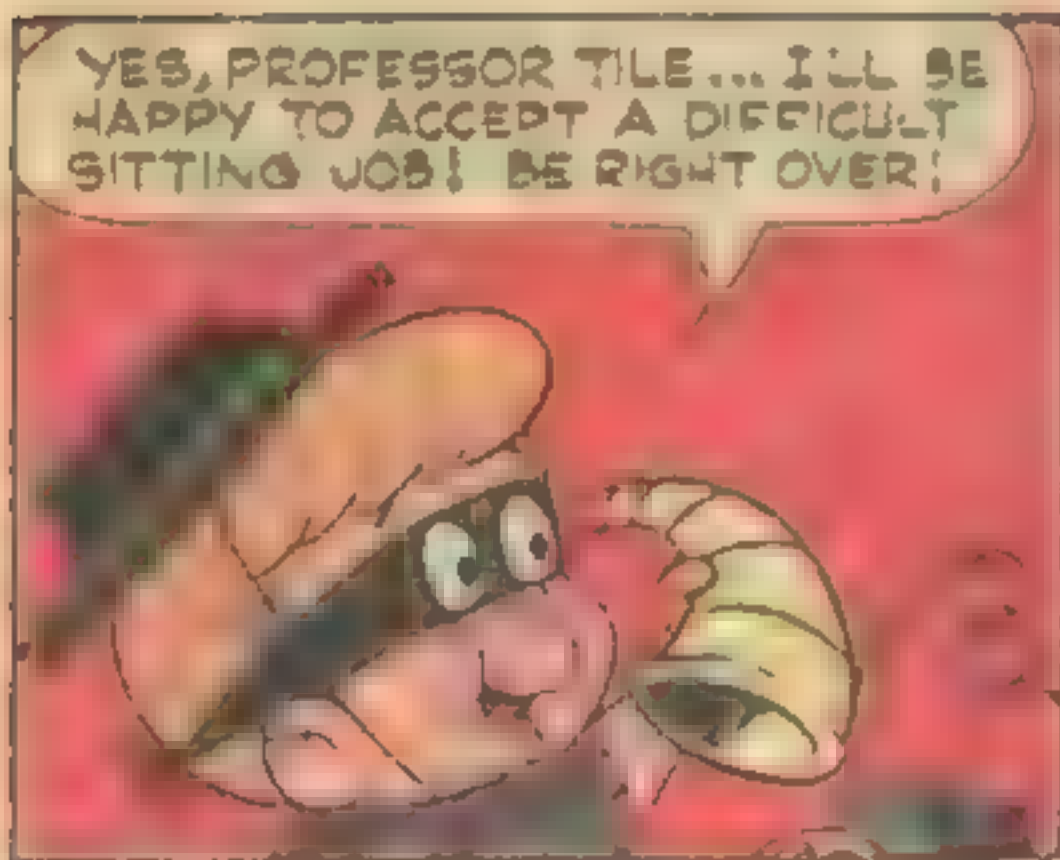




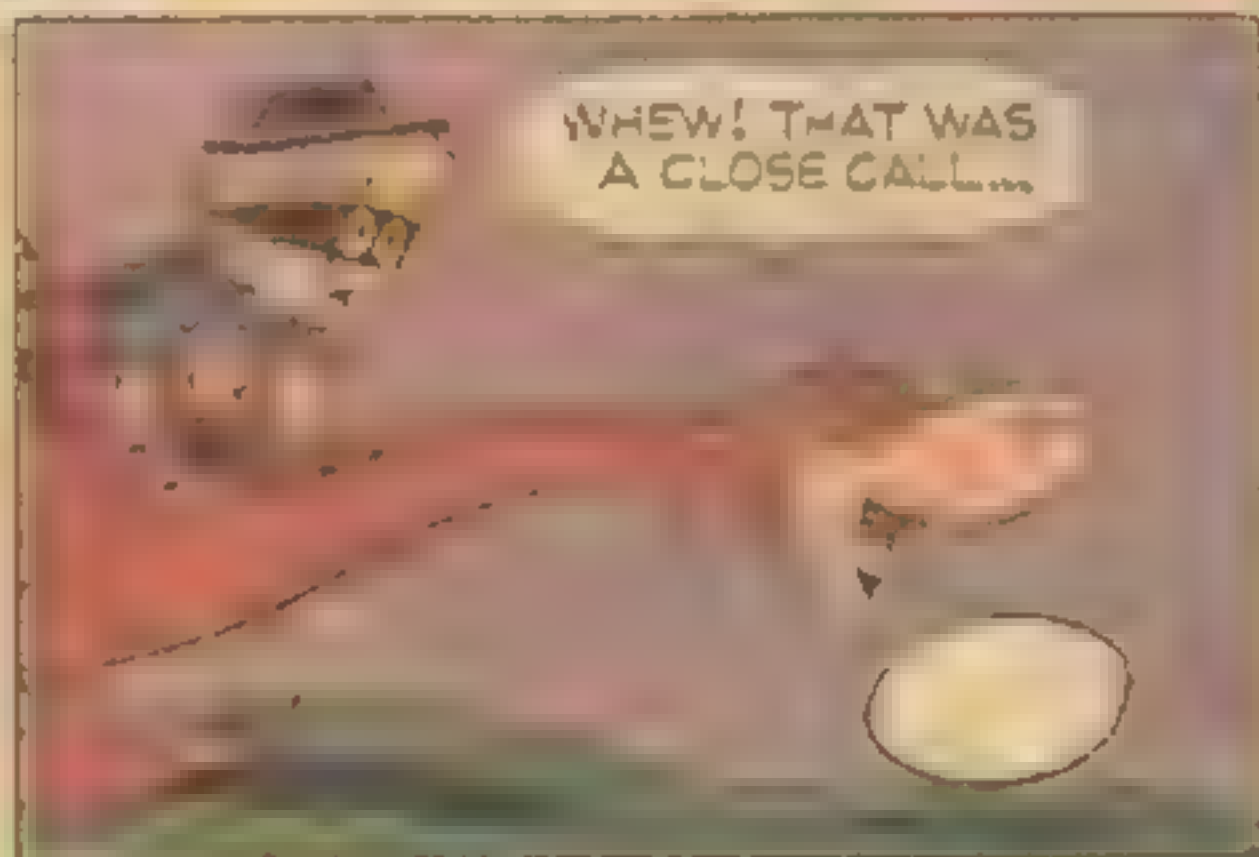
Harvey Kurtzman  
**CAVE KIDS SUPER-SITTER**



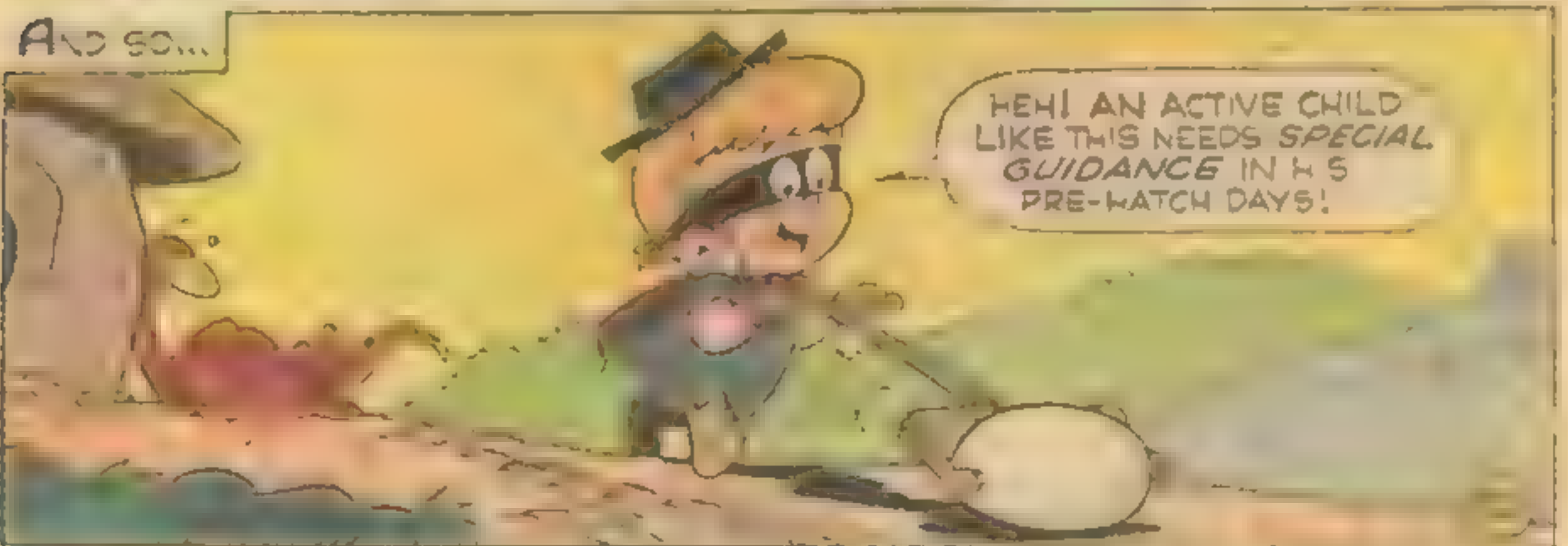
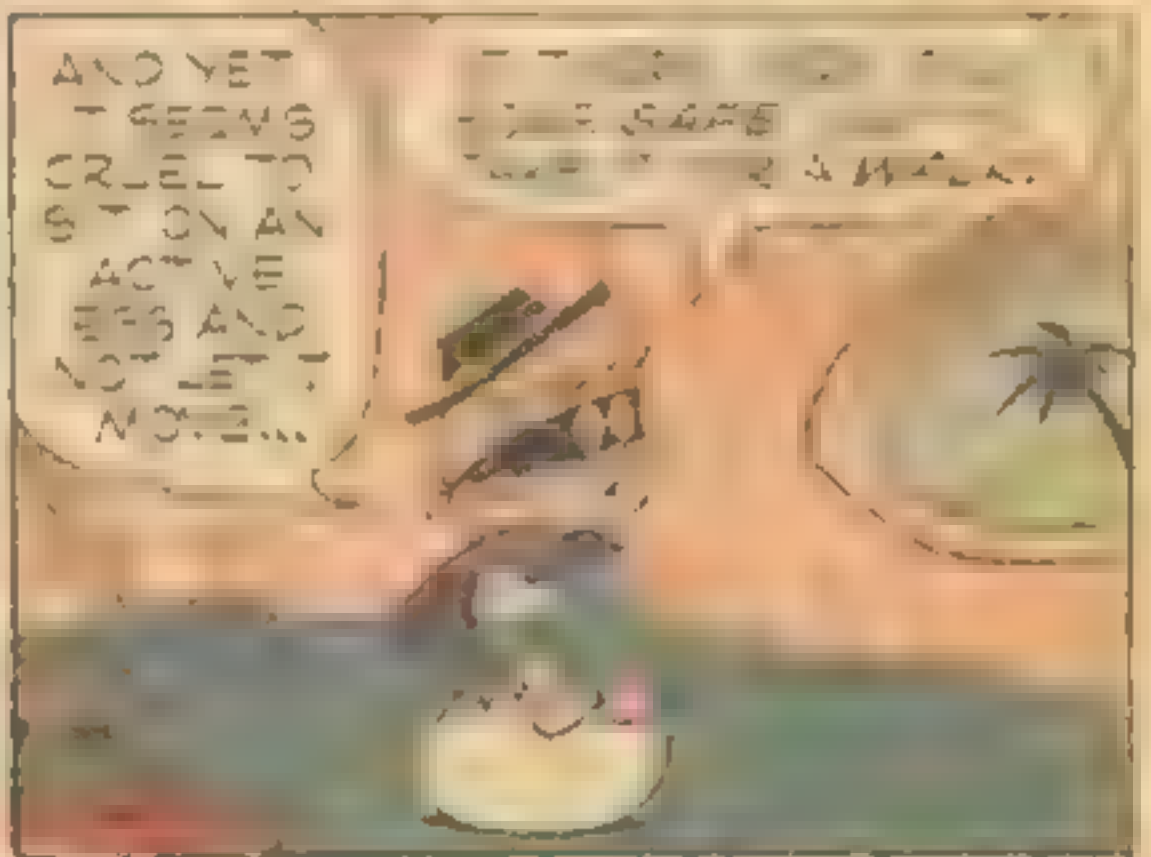
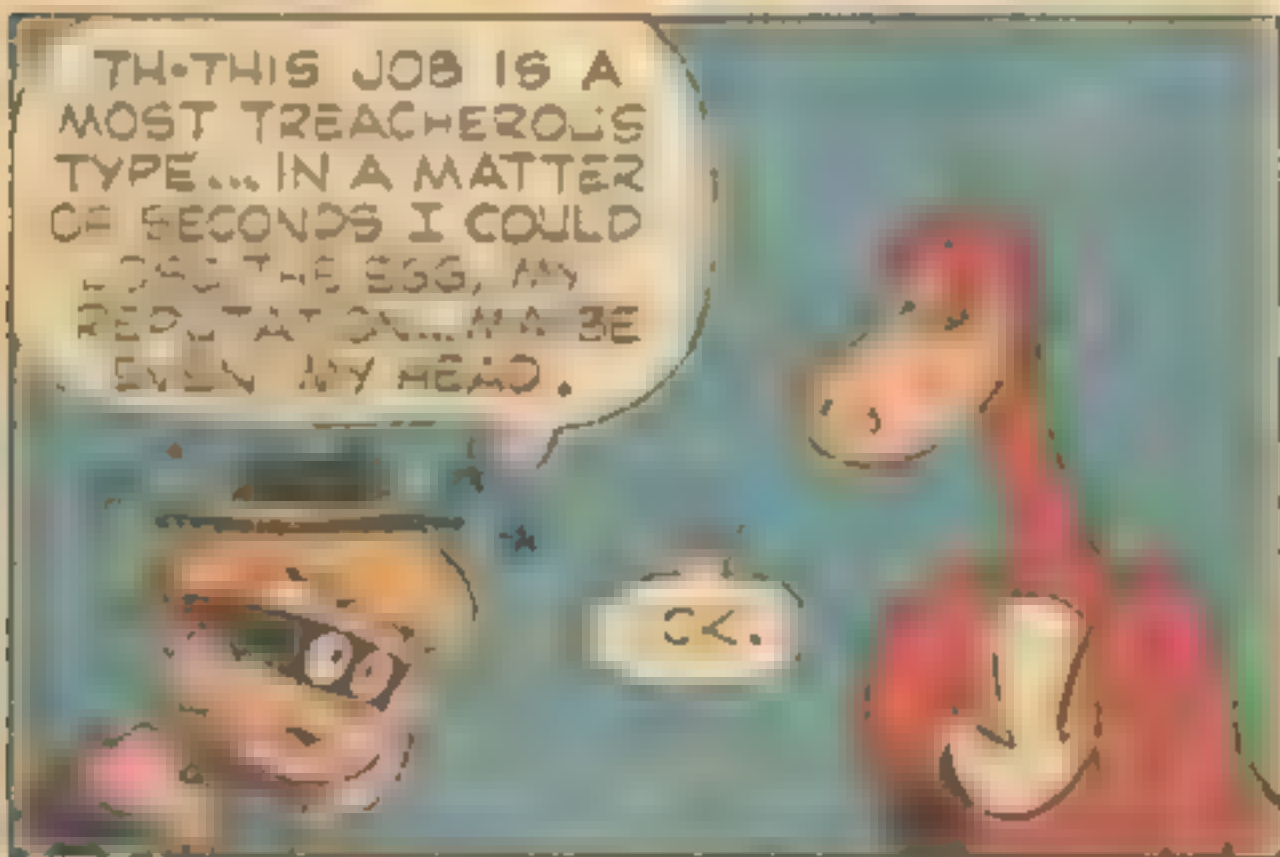












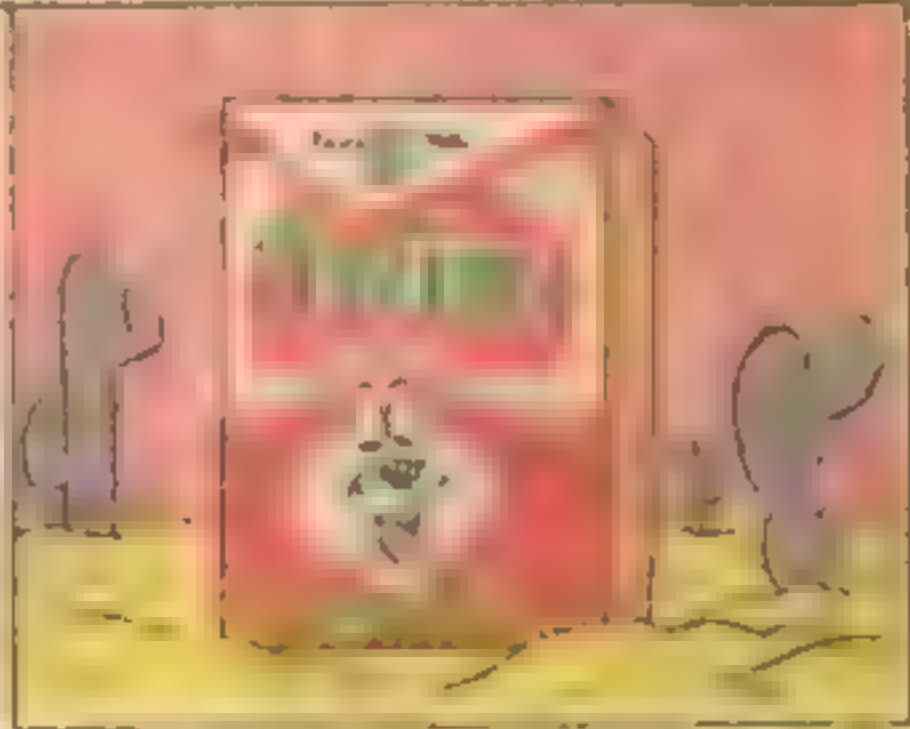


# HOW'S TRIX?

WORK  
ROUNDING U.P..

WORK  
ROUNDING CO.

...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT...



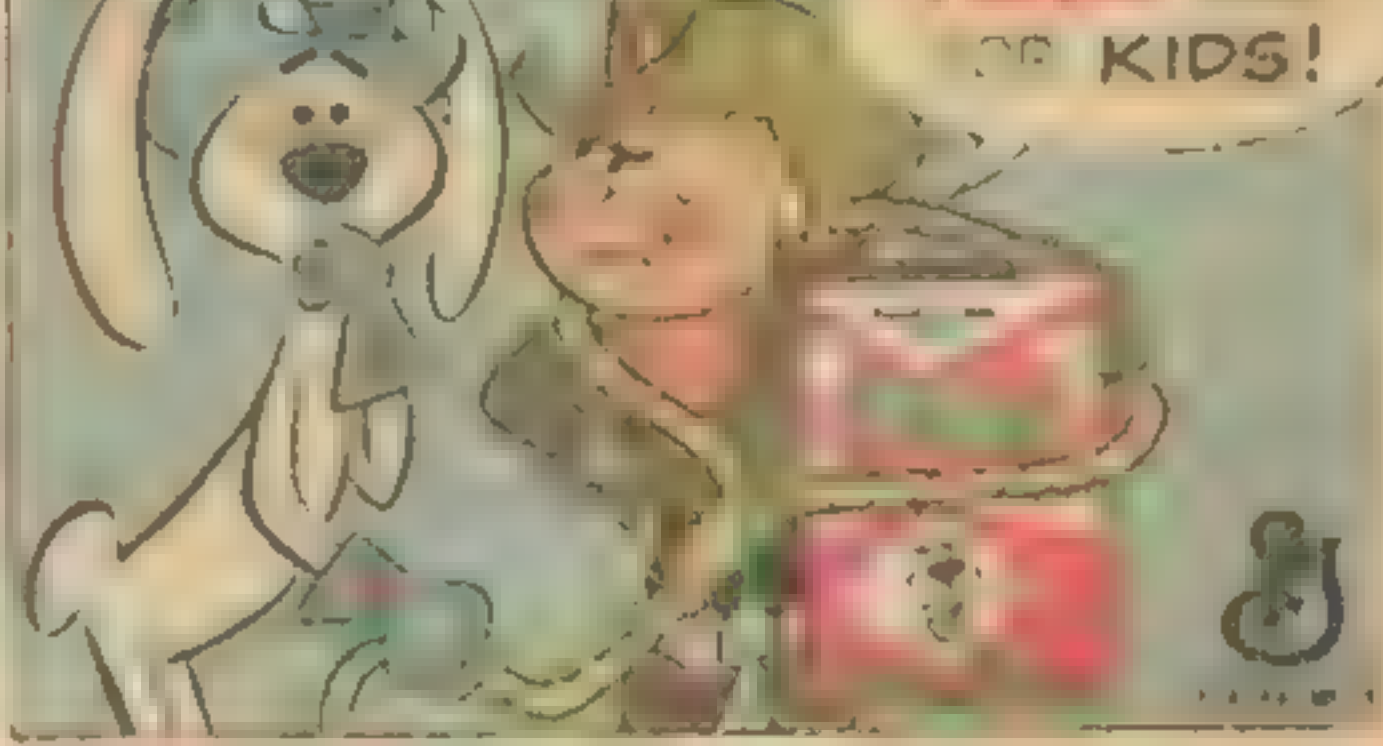
FRUIT CO. ORD. TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



*[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]*



YOU GET MORE  
ACTION  
AND  
ACTION

YOU GET MORE  
ADVENTURE  
AND  
ACTION

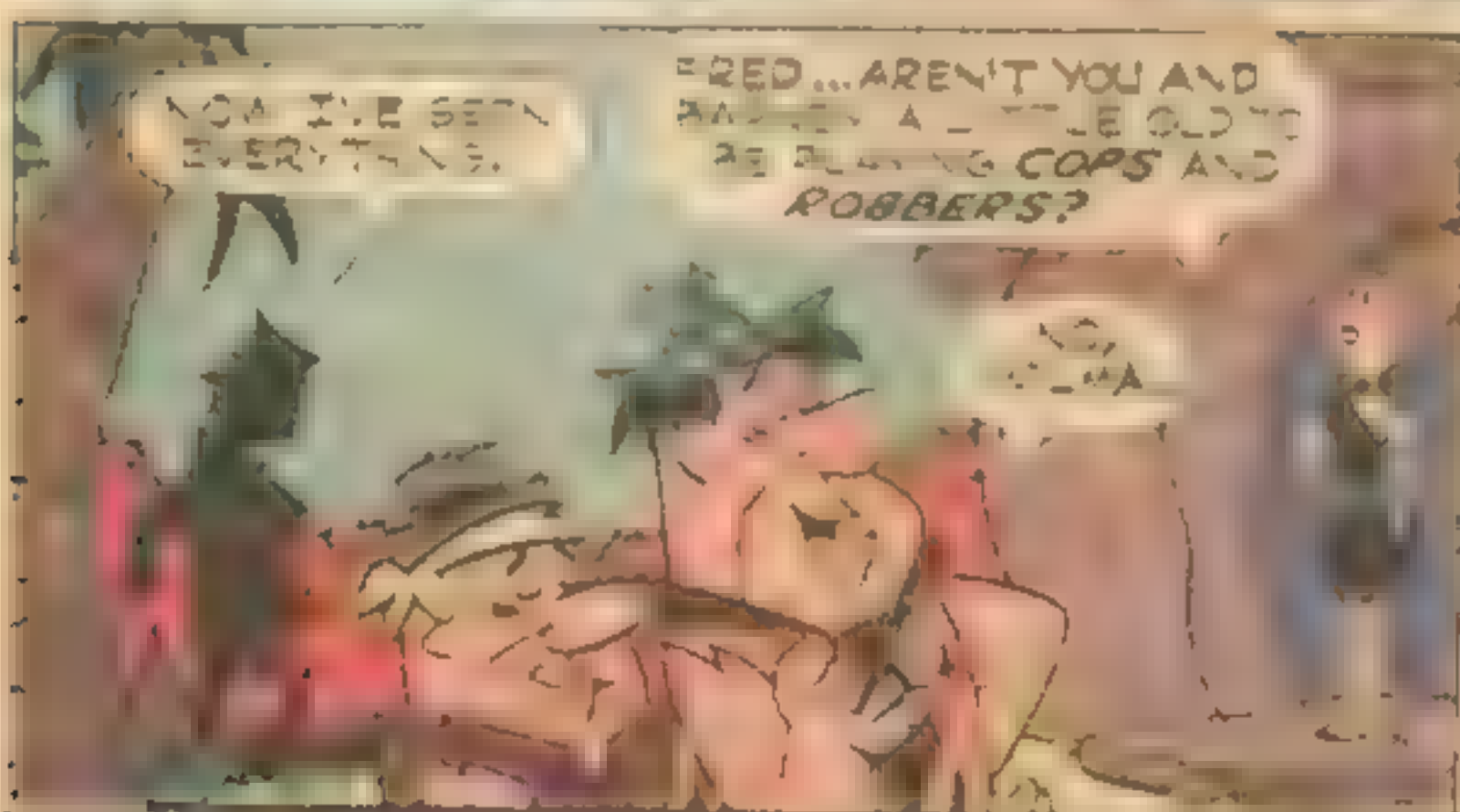
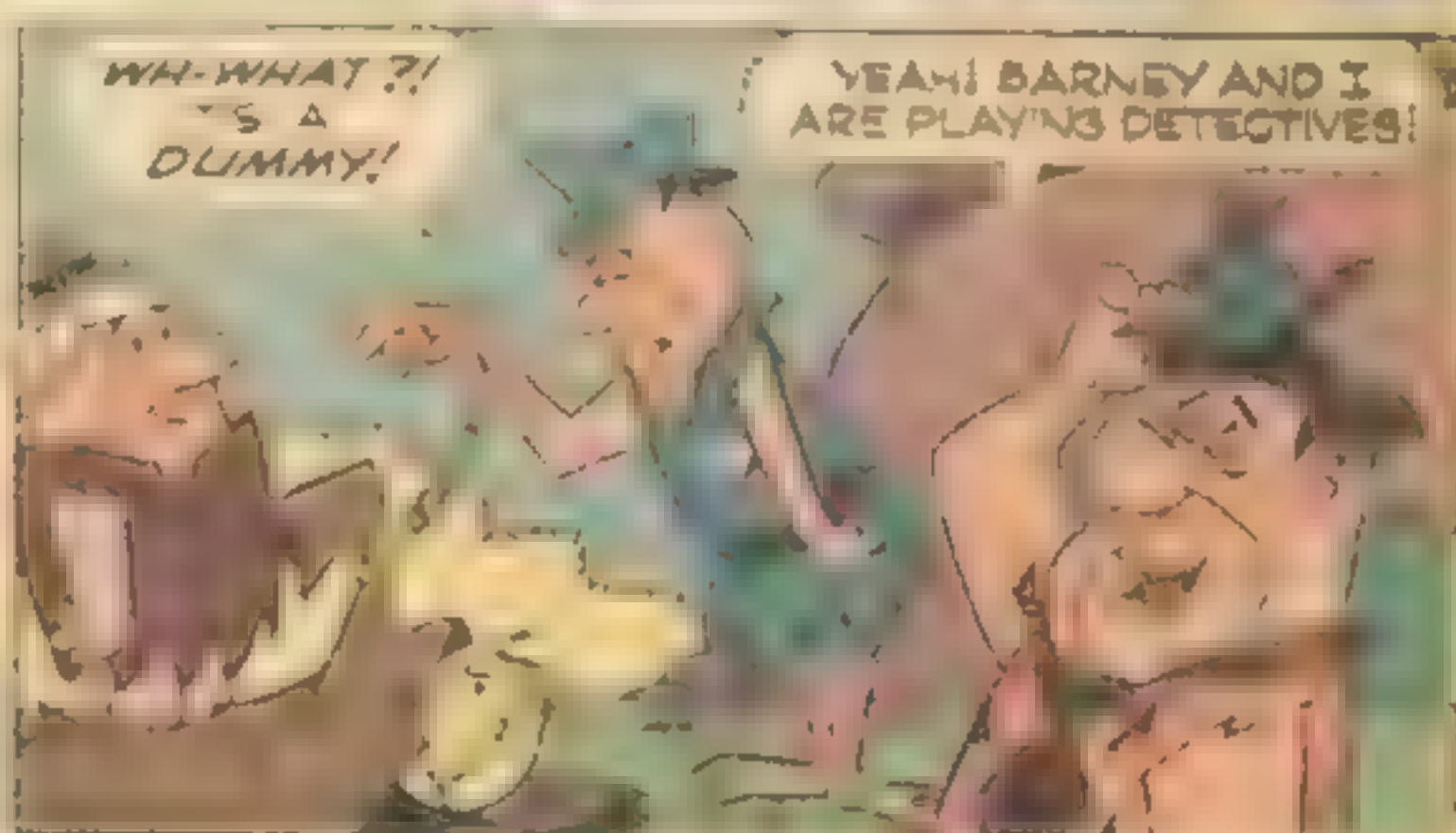
MORE  
 THE  
 THE  
 OF THE  
 SON OF  
 FIGHTER  
 STONES  
 TO THE

**OLD KEY COMES**



Hanna-Barbara  
THE FLINTSTONES

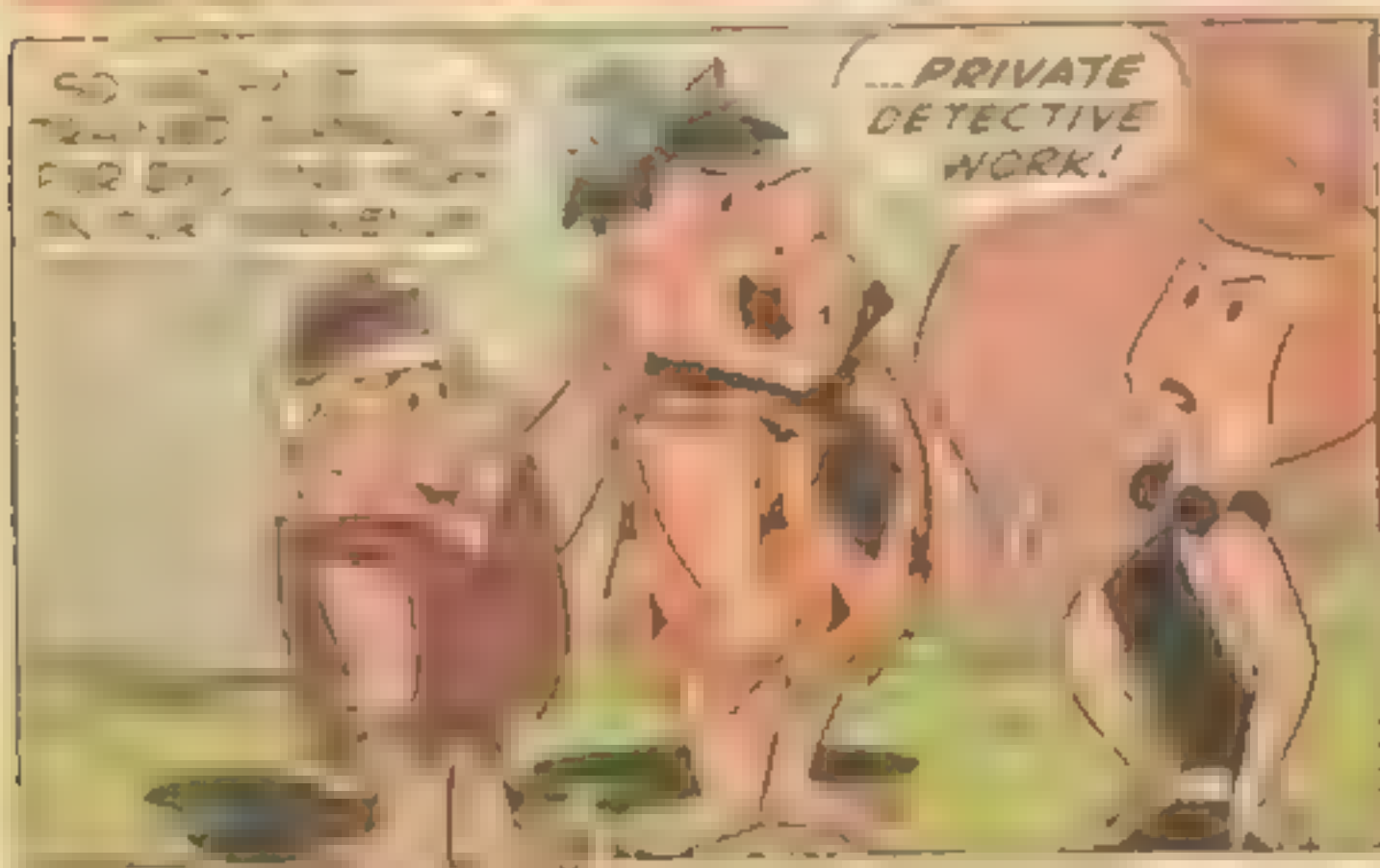
# TOO MANY CLUES







WE'RE  
BORED BLUE  
WITH OUR  
MONOTONOUS  
DAILY  
LIFE.

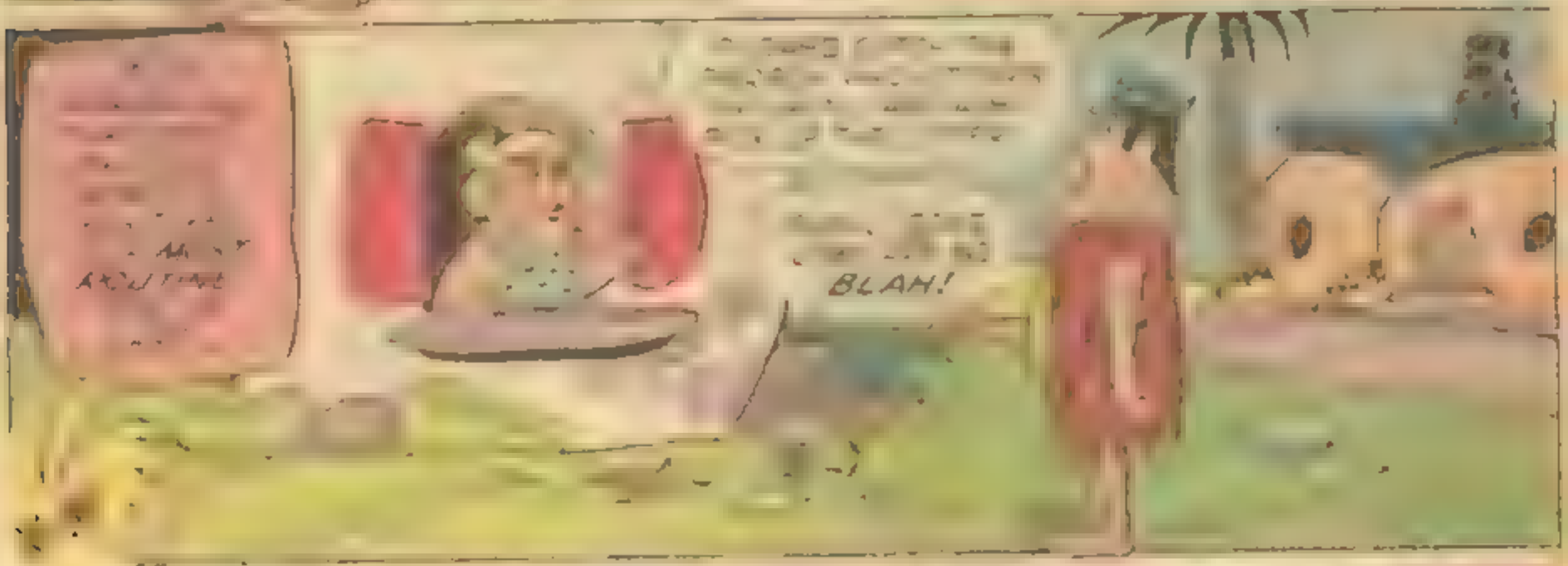


SO WE  
THOUGHT  
WE'D TRY  
SOMETHING  
NEW.

PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE  
WORK!



AND NOW WE'RE  
TRYING  
TO FIND  
OUT WHO  
KILLED  
THE  
MURDERER.



IT'S  
A  
MURDER  
CASE.

BLAH!



YES, WE'VE  
FOUND  
THE  
MURDERER.

THERE HE IS NOW...  
JUST STARTING ON  
A NEW CASE.



APPARENTLY SOMEBODY  
KILLED MRS. GOLDINGER...  
SHE'S WEALTHY.

OH BOY...  
A BIG  
CASE.





HO-HUM, THE GREAT PERRY GUNNITE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO STOOP SO LOW AS TO BE A LITTER-PICKER.

SEE? HE'S SEARCHING THE GROUNDS FOR CLUES RIGHT NOW!

WOH!



HEY PERRY, I'M HERE HELP

IF I CAN, I'LL TRY TO HELP YOU.



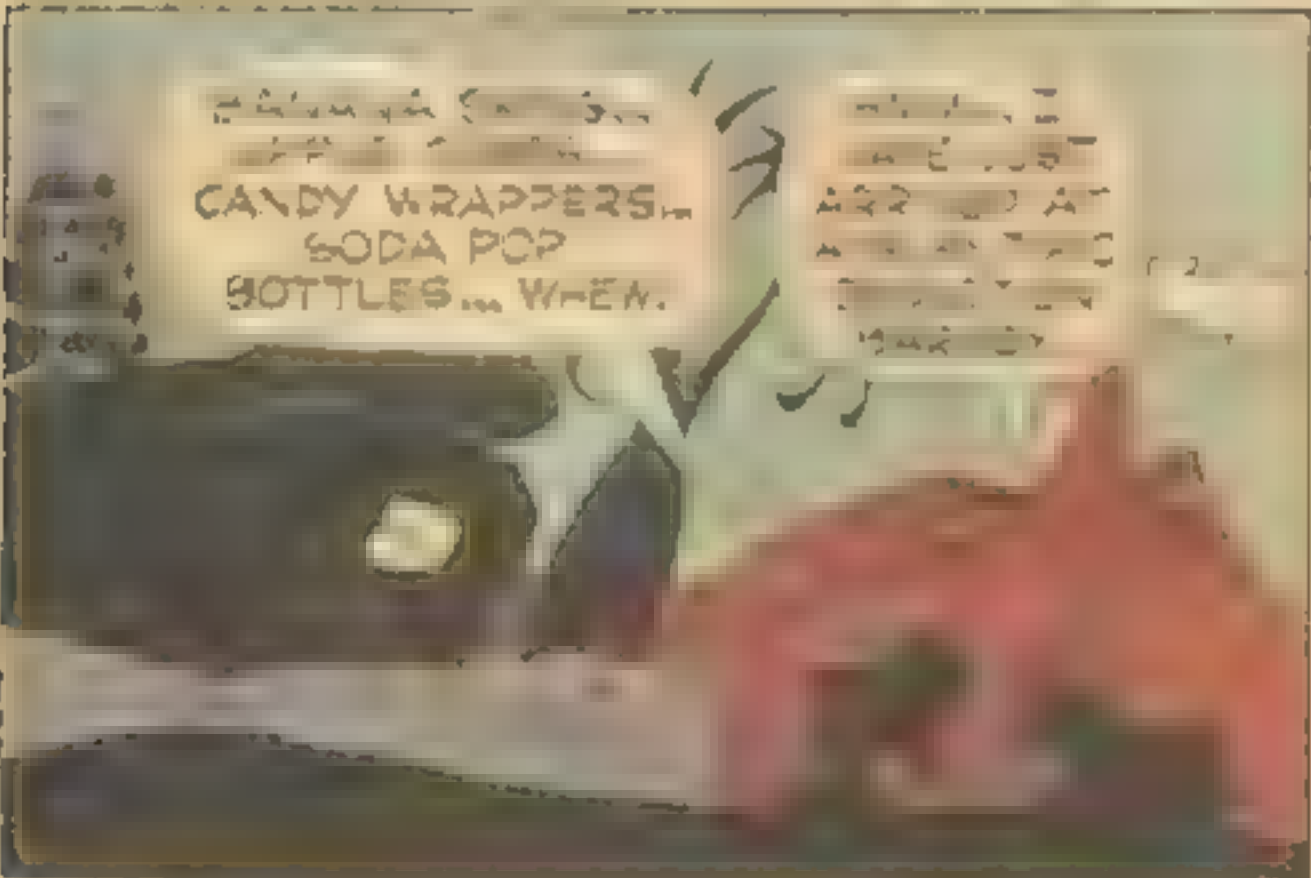
GENTLEMEN - I LEAVE THE ENTIRE CASE TO YOUR HANDS.

WELL, DO, OR BUY.



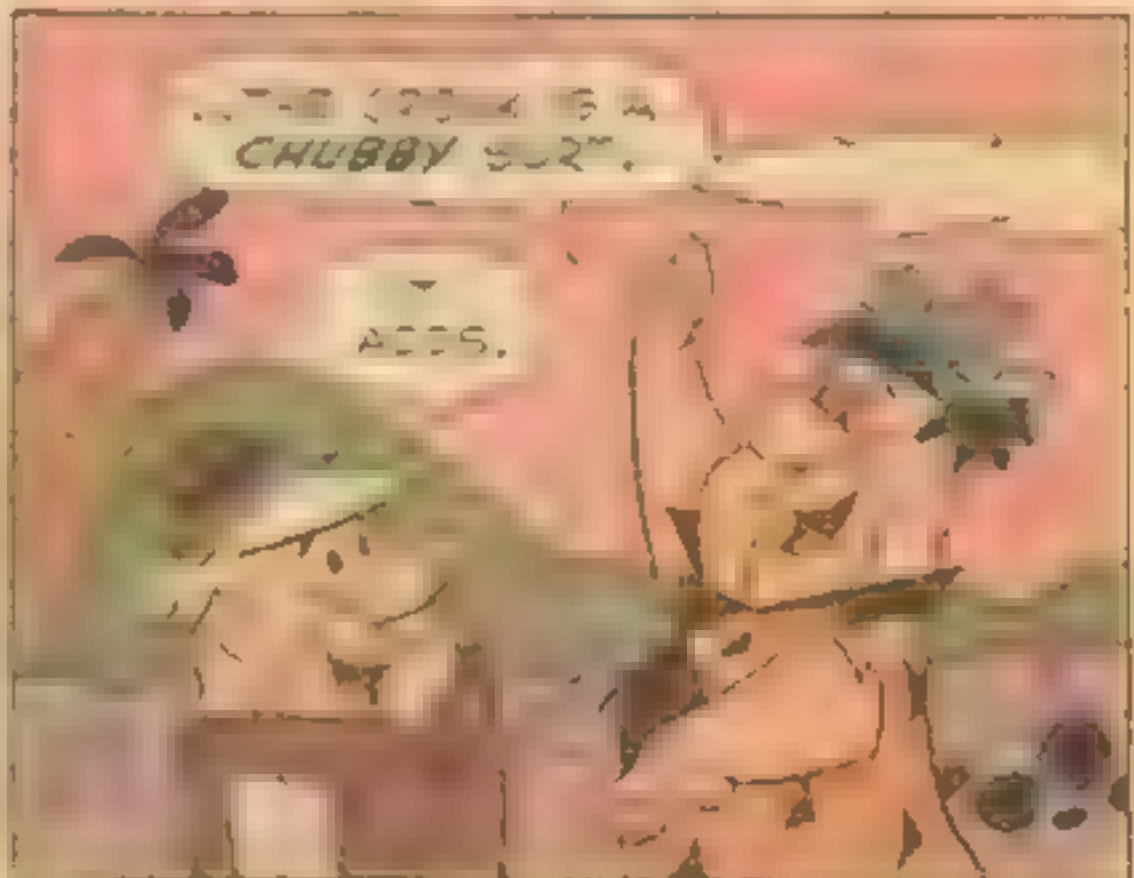
YOU CAN COUNT ON US.

WELL, THE PLACE IS CRAMMED WITH CLUES.



BARNEY, I'VE FOUND CANDY WRAPPERS, SODA POP BOTTLES, WHEN.

WELL, I'VE JUST ADD UP AT ALL THE CLUES.



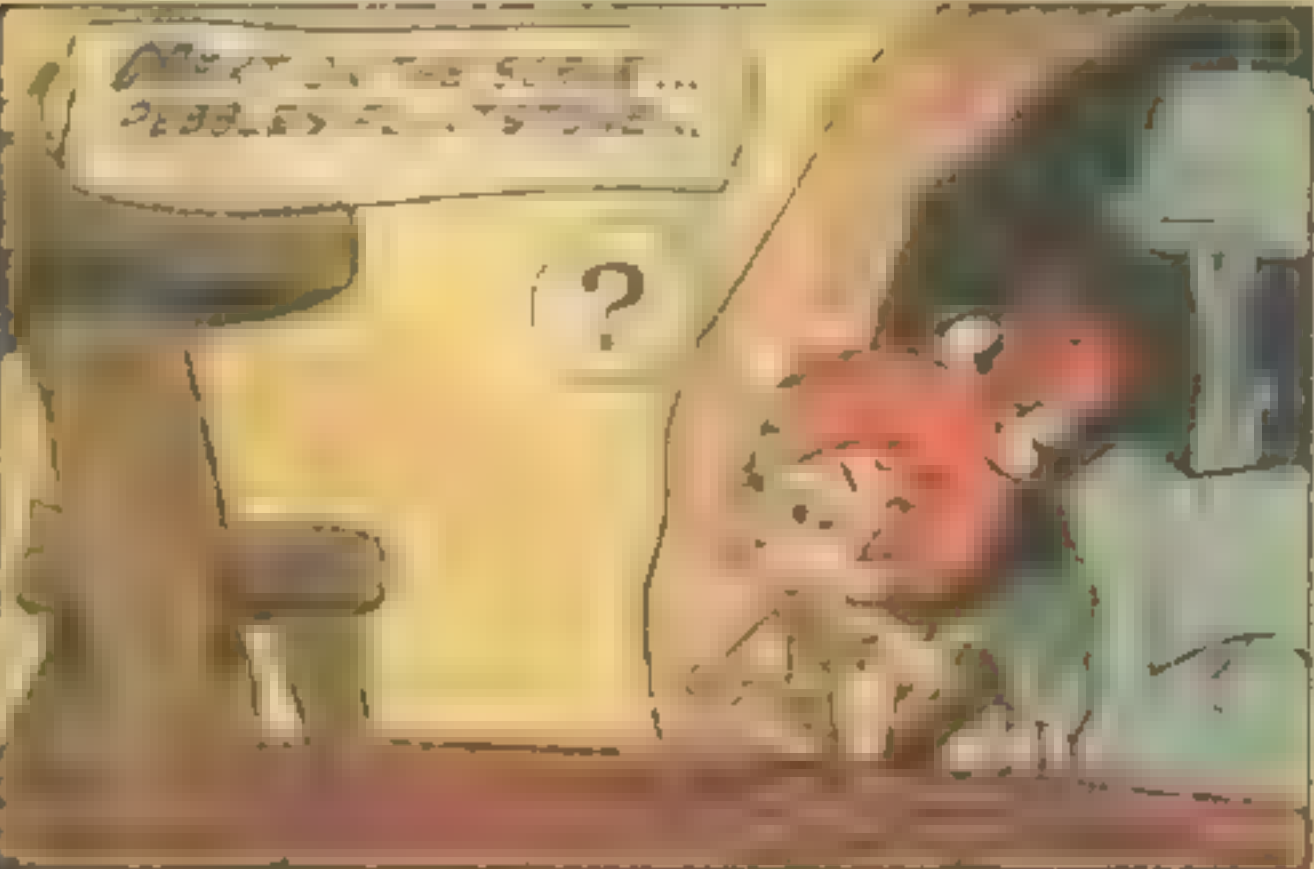
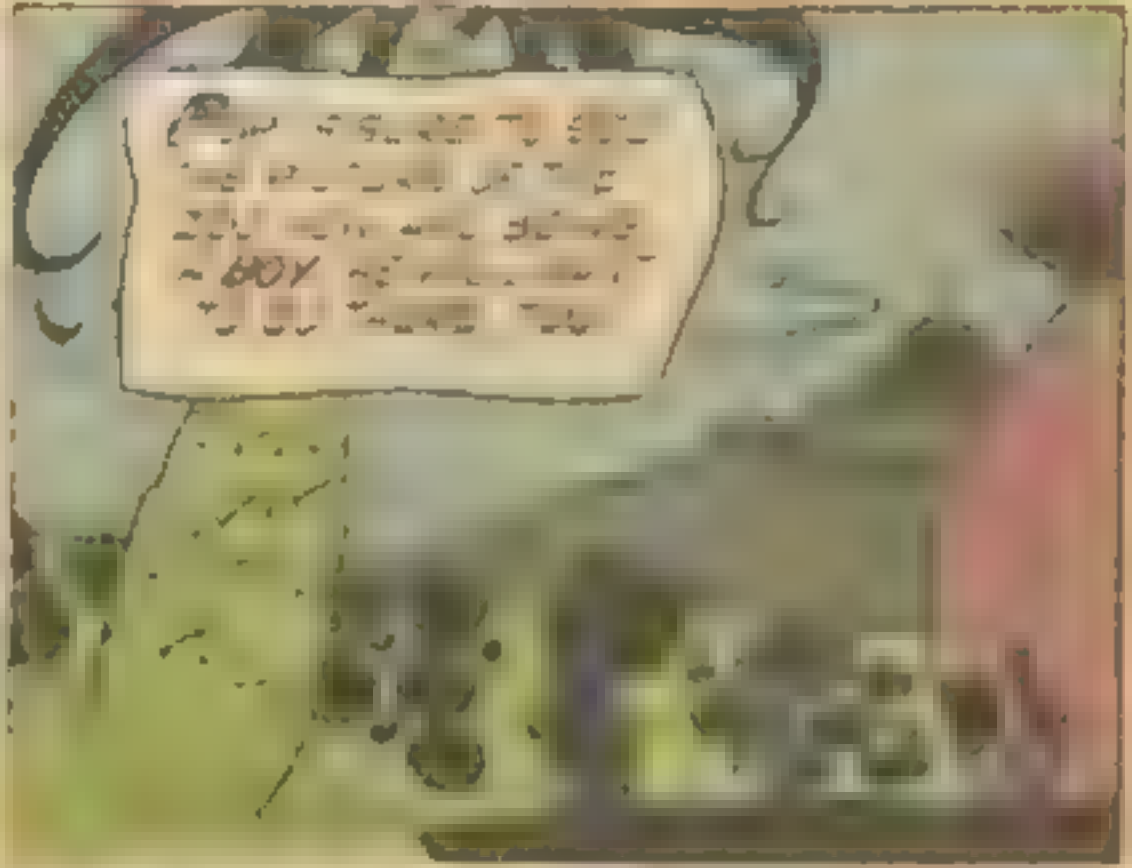
THE CLUES ARE CHUBBY SURE.

ADDS.





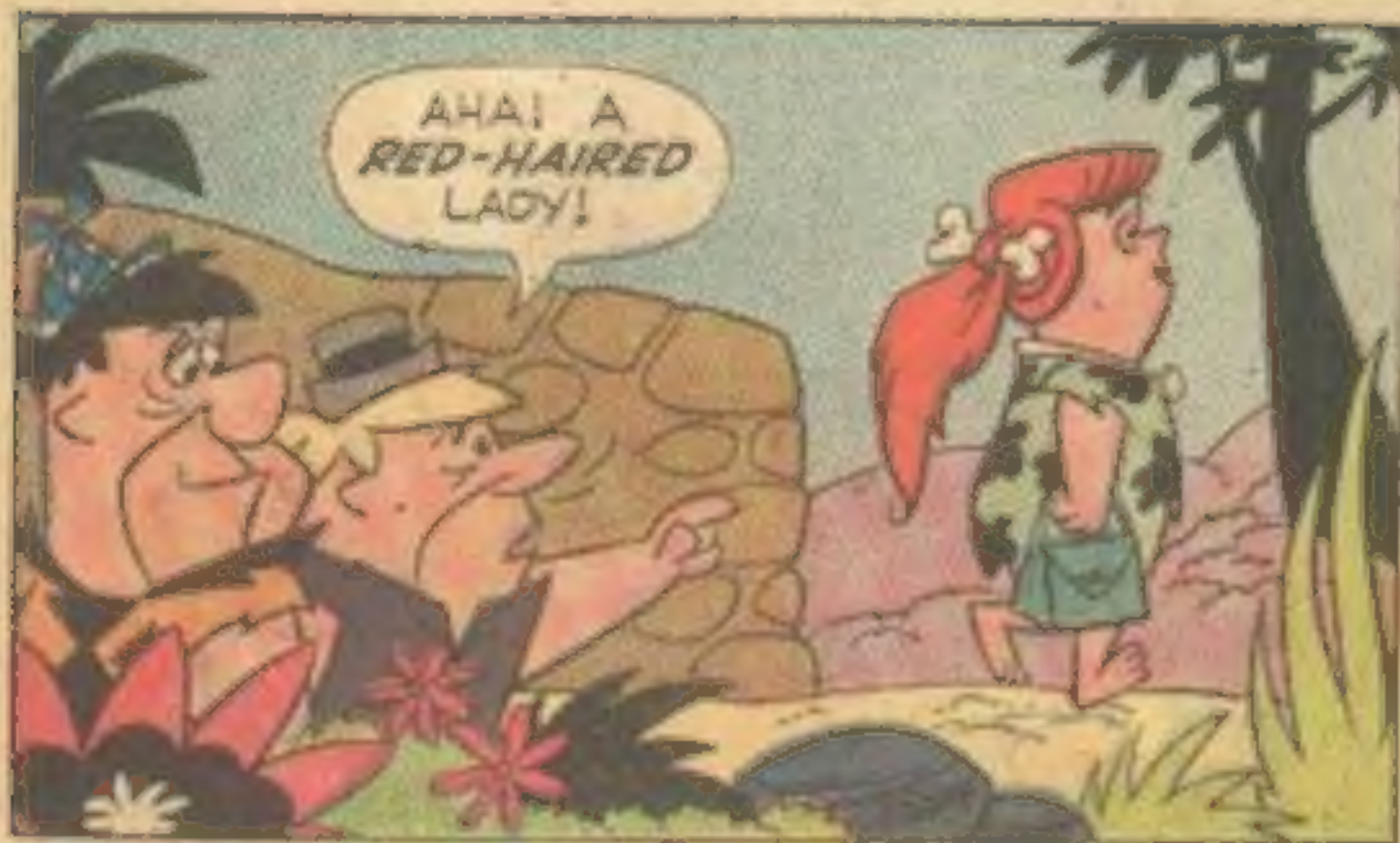




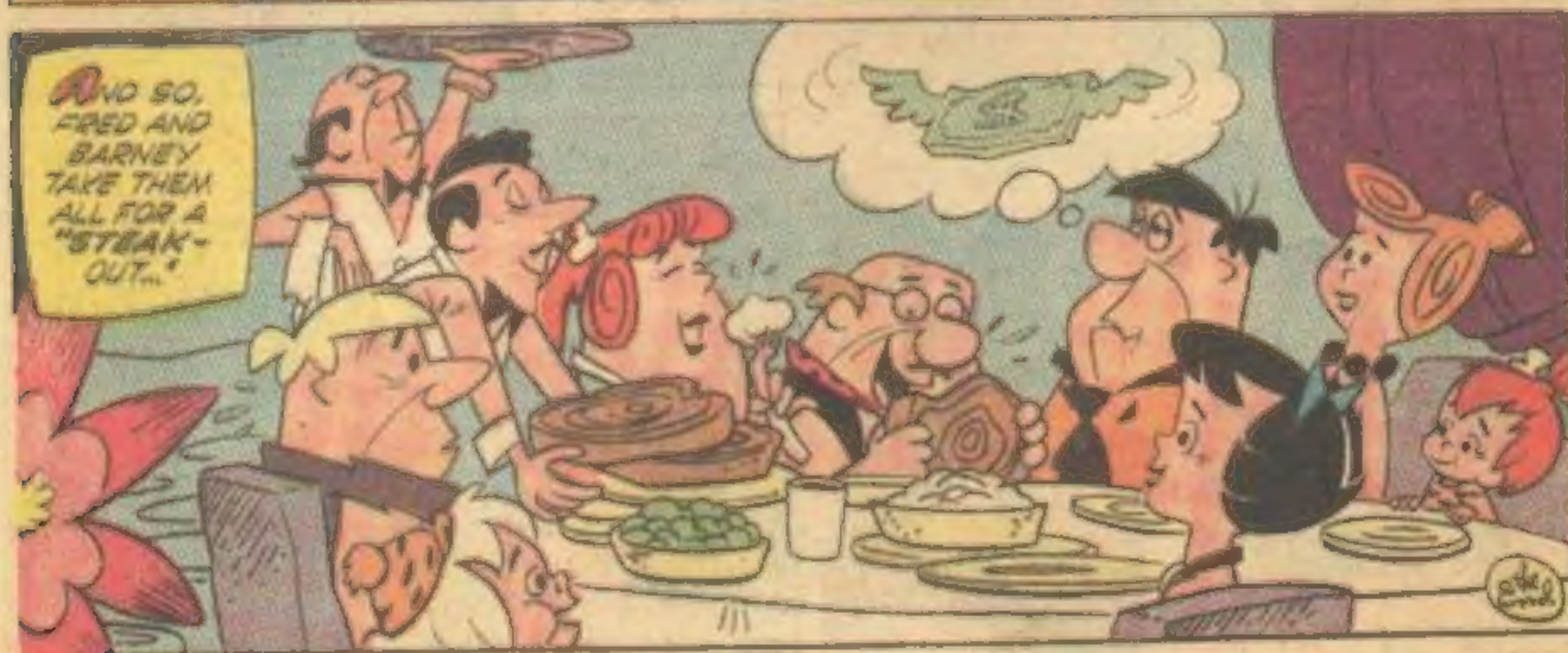














Hanna-Barbara

# FRED and WILMA

BUT WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH THE BED WE  
ALREADY HAVE,  
WILMA?

FURNITURE

OH, FRED... A CANOPY  
BED IS HIGH-CLASS!

HMM...  
HIGH-  
CLASS,  
EH?...

OKAY... I'LL  
BUY IT!

